

RUSSELL'S MAGAZINE.

No. V.

AUGUST, 1859.

VOL. V.

LITERATURE IN THE SOUTH.

We think that at no time, and in no country, has the position of an author been beset with such peculiar difficulties as the Southern writer is compelled to struggle with from the beginning to the end of his career. In no country in which literature has ever flourished has an author obtained so limited an audience. In no country, and at no period that we can recall, has an author been constrained by the indifference of the public amid which he lived, to publish with a people who were prejudiced against him. It would scarcely be too extravagant to entitle the Southern author the Pariah of modern literature. It would scarcely be too absurd if we should compare his position to that of the drawer of Shakspeare, who stands in a state of ludicrous confusion between the calls of Prince Hal upon the one side and of Poins upon the other. He is placed, in fact, much in the same relation to the public of the North and the public of the South, as we might suppose a statesman to occupy

who should propose to embody in one code a system of laws for two neighbouring people, of one of which he was a constituent, and who yet altogether differed in character, institutions and pursuits. The people among whom the statesman lived would be very indignant upon finding, as they would be sure to find, that some of their interests had been neglected. The people for whom he legislated at a distance would be equally indignant upon discovering, as they would sure to fancy they discovered, that not one of their interests had received proper attention. Both parties would probably unite, with great cordiality and patriotism, in consigning the unlucky statesman to oblivion or the executioner. In precisely the same manner fares the poor scribbler who has been so unfortunate as to be born South of the Potomac. He publishes a book. It is the settled conviction of the North that genius is indigenous there, and flourishes only in a Northern atmosphere. It is the equally firm conviction of

the South that genius—literary genius, at least—is an exotic that will not flower on a Southern soil. Probably the book is published by a Northern house. Straightway all the newspapers of the South are indignant that the author did not choose a Southern printer, and address himself more particularly to a Southern community. He heeds their criticism, and of his next book,—published by a Southern printer—such is the secret though unacknowledged prejudice against Southern authors—he finds that more than one half of a small edition remains upon his hands. Perhaps the book contains a correct and beautiful picture of our peculiar state of society. The North is inattentive or abusive, and the South unthankful, or, at most, indifferent. Or it may happen to be only a volume of noble poetry, full of those universal thoughts and feelings which speak, not to a particular people, but to all mankind. It is censured at the South as not sufficiently Southern in spirit, while at the North it is pronounced a very fair specimen of Southern commonplace. Both North and South agree with one mind to condemn the author and forget his book.

We do not think that we are exaggerating the embarrassments which surround the Southern writer. It cannot be denied that on the surface of newspaper and magazine literature there have lately appeared signs that his claims to respect are beginning to be acknowledged. But, in spite of this, we must continue to believe, that among a large majority of Southern readers who devour English books with avidity, there still exists a prejudice—conscious or unconscious—against the works of those authors who have grown up among themselves. This prejudice is strongest, indeed, with a class of persons

whose opinions do not find expression in the public prints; but it is on that account more harmful in its evil and insidious influence. As an instance, we may mention that it is not once, but a hundred times, that we have heard the works of the first of Southern authors alluded to with contempt by individuals who had never read anything beyond the title-pages of his books. Of this prejudice there is an easy, though not a very flattering, explanation.

The truth is, it must be confessed, that though an educated, we are a provincial, and not a highly cultivated people. At least, there is among us a very general want of a high critical culture. The principles of that criticism, the basis of which is a profound psychology, are almost utterly ignored. There are scholars of pretension among us, with whom Blair's *Rhetoric* is still an unquestionable authority. There are schools and colleges in which it is used as a text-book. With the vast advance that has been made in critical science since the time of Blair few seem to be intimately acquainted. The opinions and theories of the last century are still held in reverence. Here Pope is still regarded by many as the most *correct* of English poets, and here, Kaimes, after having been everywhere else removed to the top-shelves of libraries, is still thumbed by learned professors and declamatory sophomores. Here literature is still regarded as an epicurean amusement; not as a study, at least equal in importance, and certainly not inferior in difficulty, to law and medicine. Here no one is surprised when some fossil theory of criticism, long buried under the ruins of an exploded school, is dug up, and discussed with infinite gravity by gentlemen who know Pope and Horace by heart, but who have

never read a word of Wordsworth or Tennyson, or who have read them with suspicion, and rejected them with superciliousness.

In such a state of critical science, it is no wonder that we are prudently cautious in passing a favourable judgment upon any new candidates for our admiration. It is no wonder that while we accept without a cavil books of English and Northern reputation, we yet hesitate to acknowledge our own writers, until, perhaps, having been commended by English or Northern critics, they present themselves to us with a "certain alienated majesty." There is another class of critics among us—if critics they can be called—which we must not pass over. This class seem disposed to look upon literature as they look upon a Bavarian sour-kraut, a Strasbourg pâté, or a New Zealand cutlet of "cold clergyman." It is a mere matter of taste. Each one feels himself at liberty to exalt the author—without reference to his real position in the world of letters, as settled by a competent tribunal—whose works afford *him* the most amusement. From such a principle, of course, the most fantastic and discordant opinions result. One regards that fanciful story, the Culprit Fay of Drake, as the greatest of American poems; and another is indignant if Tennyson be mentioned in the same breath with Longfellow. Now, it is good to be independent; but it is not good to be too independent. Some respect is certainly due to the authority of those who, by a careful and loving study of literature, have won the right to speak *ex cathedra*. Nor is that independence, but license, which is not founded upon a wide and deep knowledge of critical science, and upon a careful and respectful collation of our own conclusions, with

the impartial philosophical conclusions of others.

In the course of these remarks, we have alluded to three classes of critics, the bigot, the slave, and we cannot better characterize the third, than as the autocratic. There is yet a fourth, which feels, or professes to feel, a warm interest in Southern literature, and which so far is entitled to our respect. But, unfortunately, the critical principles of this class are quite as shallow as those of any of the others; and we notice it chiefly to expose the absurdity of one of its favourite opinions, adopted from a theory which some years ago arose at the North, and which bore the name of Americanism in literature. After the lapse of a period commensurate with the distance it had to travel, it reached the remote South, where it became, with an intensity of absurdity which is admirable indeed, Southernism in literature. Now, if the theory had gone to the depth of that which constitutes true nationality, we should have no objections to urge against it. But to the understandings of these superficial critics, it meant nothing more than that an author should confine himself in the choice of his subjects to the scenery, the history, and the traditions of his own country. To be an American novelist, it was sufficient that a writer should select a story, in which one half the characters should be backwoodsmen, who talked bad Saxon, and the other half should be savages, who talked Choctaw translated into very bombastic English. To be an American poet, it was sufficient either in a style and measure imitated from Pope and Goldsmith, or in the more modern style and measure of Scott and Wordsworth, to describe the vast prairies of the West, the swamps and pine forests

of the South, or the great lakes and broad rivers of the North. It signified nothing to these critics whether the tone, the spirit, or the style were caught from European writers or not. If a poet, in genuine Scott, or genuine Byron, compared his hero to a cougar or grisly bear—patriotically ignoring the Asiatic tiger or the African lion—the exclamation of the critic was, "How intensely American!"

We submit that this is a false and narrow criterion, by which to judge of the true nationality of the author. Not in the subject, except to a partial extent, but in the management of the subject, in the tone and bearings of the thought, in the drapery, the colouring, and those thousand nameless touches, which are to be felt rather than expressed, are the characteristics of a writer to be sought. It is in these particulars that an author of original genius—no matter what his subject—will manifest his nationality. In fact, true originality will be always found identical with true nationality. A painter who should paint an American landscape exactly in the style of Salvator or of Claude, ought scarcely to be entitled an American painter. A poet who should write a hymn to Niagara in the blank verse of the Ulysses or the Princess, ought not to be entitled an American poet. In a word, he alone, who, in a style evolved from his own individual nature, speaks the thoughts and feelings of his own deep heart, can be a truly national genius. In the works of such a man, the character which speaks behind and through him—as character does not always speak in the case of men of mere talent, who in some respects are usually more or less under the sway of more commanding minds—will furnish the best and highest types of

the intellectual character of his countrymen, and will illustrate most correctly, as well as most subtly—perhaps most correctly because most subtly—the nature of the influences around him. In the poetry of such a man, if he be a poet, whether its scenes be laid in his native country or the land of faery, the pines of his own forests shall be heard to murmur, the music of his own rivers shall swell the diapason, the flowers of his own soil shall bud and burst, though touched perhaps with a more ethereal and lasting grace; and with a brighter and more spiritual lustre, or with a darker and holier beauty, it will be his own skies that look down upon the loveliest landscapes of his creation.

We regard the theory of Southernism in literature as a circumscription, both unnecessary and unreasonable, of the privileges of genius. Shakspeare was not less an Englishman when he wrote Antony and Cleopatra, than when he dramatized the history of the kings of England. Sir Walter was not less a Scotchman when he drew the characters of Louis XI. and Charles the Bold, than when he conceived the characters of Edie Ochiltree and Balfour of Burley. We do not suppose that until this theory germinated in the brain of its foolish originator, it ever occurred to an author that in his selection of subjects, he was to be bounded by certain geographical limits. And if in addition to the many difficulties which he has to overcome, the Southern author be expected, under the penalty of being pronounced un-Southern in tone, and unpatriotic in spirit, never to pass the Potomac on one side, or the Gulf on the other, we shall despair of ever seeing within our borders a literature of such depth and comprehensiveness as will ensure it the respect of

other countries, or permanence in the remembrance of posterity. No! the domain of genius is as wide as the world, and as ancient as creation. Wherever the angel of its inspiration may lead, it has the right to follow—and whether exhibited by the light of tropic suns, or of the Arctic morning, whether embodied in the persons of ancient heroes, or of modern thinkers, the eternal verities which it aims to inculcate shall find in every situation, and under every guise, their suitable place, and their proper incarnation.

We should not like to convey the impression that we undervalue the materials for prose and poetry, which may be found in Southern scenery, Southern society, or Southern history. We are simply protesting against a narrow creed, by means of which much injustice may be done to a writer, who, though not less Southern in feeling than another who displays his Southernism on the surface of his books, yet insists upon the right to clothe according to the dictates of his own taste, and locate according to the dictates of his own thoughtful judgment, the creatures of his imagination. At the same time we are not blind to the spacious field which is opened to the Southern author within his own immediate country. The vast aboriginal forests which so weightily oppress us with a sense of antiquity, the mountains, tree-clad to the summit, enclosing unexplored Elysiums, the broad belt of lowland along the ocean, with its peculiar vegetation, the live-oak, stateliest of that stately family, hung with the graceful tillandsia, the historical palmetto, and the rank magnificence of swamp and thicket, the blue aureole of the passion flower, the jessamine, with its yellow and fragrant flame, and all the wild luxuriance of a

bountiful Flora, the golden carpet which the rice plant spreads for the feet of autumn, and the cotton field white as with a soft, warm snow of summer—these are materials—and these are but a small part of them—from which a poet may draw an inspiration as genuine as that which touched with song the lips of English Thompson, or woke to subtil and profound utterance the soul of English Wordsworth. Nor is the structure of our social life—so different from that of every other people, whether ancient or modern—incapable of being exhibited in a practical light. There are truths underlying the relations of master and slave; there are meanings beneath that union of the utmost freedom with a healthy conservatism, which, growing out of those relations, is characteristic of Southern thought, of which poetry may avail herself not only to vindicate our system to the eyes of the world, but to convey lessons which shall take root in the hearts of all mankind. We need not commend the poetical themes which are to be found in the history of the South; in the romance of her colonial period; in the sufferings and struggles of her revolution; in the pure patriotism of her warriors and statesmen, the sterling worth of her people, and the grace, the wit, the purity, the dignity, delicacy and self-devotion of her women. He who either in the character of poet or novelist shall associate his name with the South in one or all of the above-mentioned aspects, will have achieved a more enviable fame than any which has yet illustrated the literature of America.

We pass to a brief discussion of an error still more prevalent than the theory just dismissed. We know nothing more discouraging to an author, nothing which more

clearly evinces the absence of any profound principles of criticism, than the light in which the labours of the poet and the novelist are very generally viewed at the South. The novel and the poem are almost universally characterized as light reading, and we may say are almost universally estimated as a very light and superficial sort of writing. We read novels and poems indeed, with some pleasure, but at the same time with the tacit conviction that we are engaged in a very trivial occupation; and we promise ourselves that, in order to make up for the precious moments thus thrown away, we shall hereafter redouble our diligence in the study of history or of mathematics. It is the common impression that while there is much practical utility in a knowledge of Euclid and the Calculus, no profit whatever is to be derived from works of poetry and fiction. Of two writers, one of whom should edit a treatise on the conic sections, and the other should give to the world a novel equal in tragic power and interest to the *Bride of Lammermoor*, the former would be considered the greater man by nine persons out of ten.

It would be from the purpose of this article to go into a minute examination of the prejudices upon which these opinions are founded. But we may be permitted a few words on the subject. What are the advantages which are supposed to result from the study of the mathematics—not, we mean, to those who are to devote their lives to science, but to that more numerous class who, immediately upon graduation, fling aside *Playfair*, and separate into doctors, lawyers, and politicians? The answer is, we believe, that the study of mathematics is calculated to accustom the student to habits of close reasoning, and to increase his powers

of concentration. Some vague generality is usually added about its influence in strengthening the mind.

Now, it is a notorious fact that mathematicians are for the most part bad reasoners out of their particular province. As soon as they get upon topics which do not admit of precise definitions and exact demonstrations, and which they, nevertheless, invariably insist upon subjecting to precise definitions and exact demonstrations, they fall naturally enough into all sorts of blunders and contradictions. They usually beg the question at the outset, and then by means of a most unexceptionable syllogism, they come to a conclusion which, though probably false in fact, is yet, it must be confessed, always logically consistent with their premises.

Now, it will not be denied that such a method of reasoning is the very worst possible which could be employed by a lawyer or a politician. The laws, and their various interpretations, the motives, the objects, the interest in their thousand contradictory aspects, which must form the staple of the arguments of professional and public men, are not to be treated like the squares and circles of geometry. Yet that a familiarity with mathematical modes of proof does not lead to the error of using those modes of proof upon subjects to which they are wholly inapplicable, is evident to anybody who has noticed the style of argument prevalent among the very young orators who have not long cut the apron strings which tied them to a too strictly mathematical *Alma Mater*. They bristle all over with syllogisms, write notes in the form of captions, invariably open a speech (that is if it be not a fourth of July oration, and if they have anything to prove) with a state-

ment, and end with Q. E. D. collary and scholium. Not until the last theories has been erased from their memory, or until they shall have learned by repeated reverses the absurdity of which they are guilty, do they begin to reason like men of practical sense.

It must not be inferred that we are arguing against the study of the mathematics. It has its uses—though we think not the uses commonly assigned to it. These we cannot stop to particularize, but we may mention that if it could do nothing but furnish us with the clearest idea we have of the nature of absolute truths, it would still be an important study.

We shall probably be thought paradoxical when we say that we believe that the study of poetry as an art in conjunction with the science of criticism—and this not with the design of writing poetry, but merely to enable the student to appreciate and to judge of it—will afford a better preparative training than all the mathematics in the world, to the legal or political debater. Poetry, as Coleridge well remarks, has a logic of its own; and this logic being more complex, more subtle, and more uncertain than the logic of the demonstrative sciences, is far more akin than the latter can be to the dialectics of common life. And when we consider that while we are mastering this logic, we are at the same time familiarising ourselves with the deepest secrets of the human heart, imbuing our natures with the most refining influences, and storing our minds with the purest thoughts and the loveliest pictures of humanity, the utility of poetry as a study seems to be established beyond a question.

It seems strange, that in this nineteenth century, one should be called upon to vindicate poetry

from aspersions which have been repeatedly and triumphantly disproved. Nevertheless, so generally accepted at the South is the prejudice which degrades poetry into a mere servant of our pleasures, that upon most ears, truths, (elsewhere so familiar as to be trite) upon which it bases a loftier pretension, fall with the startling novelty of paradox. How many look upon the imaginative faculty simply as the manufacturer of pretty conceits; how few know it as the power which, by selecting and combining materials never before brought together, in fact, produces pictures and characters in which there shall be nothing untruthful or unnatural, and which shall yet be as new to us as a lately found island in the Pacific. How many of us regard poetry as a mere creature of the fancy; how few appreciate its philosophy, or understand that beneath all the splendour of its diction and imagery, there is in its highest manifestations at least a substratum of profound and valuable thought; how very few perceive the justice of the eloquent definition of Coleridge: "That poetry is the blossom and fragrance of all human wisdom, human passions, learning, and language;" or are prepared to see, as it is expressed in the noble verse of Taylor, that

Poetry is Reason's self-sublimed;
Tis Reason's sovereignty, whereunto
All properties of sense, all dues of wit,
All fancies, images, perceptions, passions,
All intellectual ordinance grown up
From accident, necessity, or custom,
Seen to be good, and after made authentic;
All ordinance aforethought, that from science
Doth prescience take, and from experience law;
All lights and institutes of digested knowledge,
Gifts and endowments of intelligence
From sources living, from the dead bequests,—
Subserve and minister.

We hurry on to the comparative merits of history and fiction.

It is not generally understood that a novel may be more truthful than a history, in several particulars—but, perhaps, most of all in the delineation of character. The historian, hampered by facts which are not seldom contradictory, is sometimes compelled to touch and retouch his portrait of a character in order to suit those facts. Consequently, he will often give us a character not as it existed, but his idea of that character—a something, the like of which was never in heaven above, nor on the earth beneath. On the other hand, the novelist, whose only obligation is to be true to nature, at least paints us possible men and women, about whose actions we can reason almost with as much accuracy as if they had really lived, loved, acted and died. In doing this, he at once reaches a higher truth than is often attainable by the historians, and imparts to us lessons far more profitable. More of human nature can be learned from the novel of Tom Jones than from a History of the whole Roman Empire—written, at least, as histories are commonly written. Again, while it is to history we look for an account of the dynasties, the battles, sieges, revolutions, the triumphs and defeats of a nation, it is from the historical novel that we glean the best idea of that which it is infinitely more important for us to know—of the social state, the manners, morals, opinions, passions, prejudices, and habits of the people. We do not hesitate to say, that of two persons, one of whom has only read Hume's chapter on Richard I., and the other only the *Ivanhoe* of Scott, the latter will be by far the better acquainted with the real history of the period.

We need not say that we are not

quite so silly as to believe that it is possible, by any force of argument, to bring about a reformation in the tastes of the reading community. It is, unfortunately, not in the power of a people to confer together and say, "Come, now, let us arise, and build up a literature." We cannot call meetings, and pass resolutions to this purpose, as we do with respect to turnpikes, railways, and bridges. That genuine appreciation, by which alone literature is encouraged and fostered, is a plant of slow growth. Still, we think something may be done; but in the meanwhile let it not be forgotten that, in spite of every disadvantage, the South already possesses a literature which calls for its patronage and applause. The fate of that literature is a reproach to us. Of all our Southern writers, not one but Poe has received his due measure of fame. The immense resources and versatile powers of Simms are to this day grudgingly acknowledged, or contemptuously denied. There have been writers among us who, in another country, would have been complimented with repeated editions, whose names are now almost forgotten, and whose works it is now utterly impossible to obtain. While our centre-tables are littered with the feeble moralizings of Tupper, done up in very bright morocco; and while the corners of our newspapers are graced with the glibly versified common-places of Mackey, and of writers even more worthless than Mackey, there is, perhaps, scarcely a single bookseller in the United States, on whose face we should not encounter the grin of ignorance, if we chanced to inquire for the Froissart ballads of Philip Pendleton Cooke.

It is not without mortification that we compare the reception which the North gives to its literature to the stolid indifference of the

South. There, at least, Genius wears the crown, and receives the tributes which are due to it. It is true, indeed, that not a few Northern authors have owed in part their successes to the art of puffing—an art nowhere carried to such a height of excellence as in the cities of New York and Boston. It is true that through the magic of this art, many a Bottom in literature has been decked with the flowers and fed with the apricots and dewberries of a short-lived reputation. But it is also true, that there is in the reading public of the North a well-founded faith in its capacity to judge for itself, a not inconsiderable knowledge of the present state of Poetry and Art, and a cordial disposition to recognize and reward the native authors who address it.

We are not going to recommend the introduction at the South of a system of puffing. "No quarter to the dunce," whether Southern or Northern, is the motto which should be adopted by every man who has at heart the interests of his country's literature. Not by exalting mediocrity, not by setting dullness on a throne, and putting a garland on the head of vanity, shall we help in the smallest degree the cause of Southern letters. A partiality so mistaken can only serve to depreciate excellence, discourage effort, and disgust the man of real ability. We have regretted to see the tenderness with which a volume of indifferent poetry is sometimes treated—for no other reason that we could discover than that it was the work of a Southerner—by those few clever and well-meaning critics, of whom the South is not altogether destitute. The effect of this ill-judged clemency is to induce those who are indisposed to admit the claims of Southern literature upon their admiration, to look with sus-

picion upon every verdict of Southern criticism.

We have but one course to suggest to those who are willing, from a painful conviction of the blended servility, superficiality, and antiquated bigotry of criticism among us, to assist in bringing about a reformation. It is to speak the rude truth always. It is to declare war equally against the slaves of English and Northern opinions, and against the slaves of the conventional schools of the eighteenth century. If argument fail, perhaps satire may prove a more effective weapon. Everything like old fogysm in literature should be remorselessly ridiculed. That pert license which consults only its own uneducated taste, and that docility which truckles to the *prestige* of a foreign reputation should be alike held up to contempt. It should be shown in plain, unflattering language that the unwillingness with which native genius is acknowledged, is a bitterer slander on the country and its intellect than any of the falsehoods which defile the pages of Trollope, Dickens, Maryatt, or Basil Hall. It would be no injustice to tell those who refuse to credit that the South has done anything in prose or poetry, that in their own shallowness and stupidity they have found the best reasons for their incredulity; and they should be sternly reminded, that because a country annually gives birth to a thousand noodles, it does not follow that it may not now and then produce a man of genius. Nor should any hesitation be felt to inquire boldly into the manner in which the tastes of our youth are educated. Let it be asked on what principle we fill our chairs of belles-lettres; whether to discharge properly the duties of a critical teacher, a thorough acquaintance with English literature

be not a rather indispensable requisite, and how it is that in one institution a learned professor shall maintain the Course of Time to be the greatest of English epics, and in another an equally learned professor shall deny, on the ground that he could never read it, save as a very disagreeable task, the transcendent merits of *Paradise Lost*. Is it not a fact, of which we may feel not unreasonably ashamed, that a student may pass four years under these misleaders of youth, and yet remain ignorant of that most important revolution in imaginative literature—to us of the present day the most important of all literary revolutions—which took place a little more than half a century ago. The influence of the new spiritual philosophy in producing a change from a sensuous to a super-sensuous poetry, the vast difference between the school represented by Wordsworth, and the school represented by Pope, the introduction of that mystical element into our verse which distinguishes it from the verse of the age of Shakspeare, the theory of that analytical criticism which examines a work of art “from the heart outwards, not from surface inwards!” and which deduces its laws from nature and truth, not from the practice of particular writers; these surely are subjects which, in an institution devoted to the purpose of education, may not be overlooked without censure. At the risk of exciting the derisive smiles of those who attach more value to the settlement of a doubtful accent, or a disputed quantity, than to a just definition of the imaginative faculty, or a correct estimation of the scope and objects of poetry, we avow our belief that a systematic study of English literature, under the guidance of proper expounders—even at the expense of

the curriculum in other respects—would be attended with the highest benefits to the student and the community. Such a course of study would assist more than anything else in bringing about that improvement in taste which we need so much, and for which we must look especially to the generation now growing up about us. We do not expect much from those whose opinions are already formed. It is next to impossible thoroughly to convert a confirmed papist; and there are no prejudices so difficult to overcome as the prejudices of pedantry and age.

After all, the chief impediment to a broad, deep, and liberal culture is her own self-complacency. With a strange inconsistency, the very persons who decry Southern literature, are forever extolling Southern taste, Southern learning, and Southern civilization. There is scarcely a city of any size in the South which has not its clique of amateur critics, poets and philosophers, the regular business of whom is to demonstrate truisms, settle questions which nobody else would think of discussing, to confirm themselves in opinions which have been picked up from the rubbish of seventy years ago, and above all to persuade each other that together they constitute a society not much inferior to that in which figured Burke and Johnson, Goldsmith and Sir Joshua. All of these being oracles, they are unwilling to acknowledge the claims of a professional writer, lest in doing so they should disparage their own authority. It is time that their self-complacency should be disturbed. And we propose satire as the best weapon, because against vanity it is the only effective one. He who shall convince this, and every other class of critics to which we have alluded, that

they are not in advance of their age, that they are even a little behind it, will have conferred an incalculable benefit upon them, and upon the South.

We shall not admit that in exposing the deficiencies of the Southern public, we have disparaged in the slightest degree the intellect of the South. Of that intellect in its natural capacity none can conceive more highly than ourself. It is impossible not to respect a people from whom have sprung so many noble warriors, orators and statesmen. And there is that in the constitution of the Southern mind, in the Saxon, Celtic and Teutonic elements of which it is composed, and in the peculiar influences amidst which these elements have been moulded together, a promise of that blending of the philosophic in thought with the enthusiastic in feeling, which makes a literary nation. Even now, while it is in one place trammelled by musty rules and canons, and in another left to its own unguided or misguided impulses, it would be unjust to deny it a quickness of perception, which, if rightly trained, would soon convert this essay into a slander and a falsehood. We will not believe that a people with such a mental character can remain much longer under the dominion of a contracted and illiberal culture. Indeed, we think the signs of a better taste may already be noticed. The circle of careless or prejudiced readers,

though large, is a narrowing circle. The circle of thoughtful and earnest students, though a small one, is a widening circle. Young authors are rising up who have won for themselves at least a partial acknowledgment of merit. The time must come at last when the public shall feel that there are ideas characterizing Southern society, as distinguished from Northern and English society, which need the exposition of a new literature. There will be a stirring of the public mind, an expectation aroused which will ensure its own gratification, a demand for Southern prose and poetry, which shall call forth the poet and prose writer from the crowds that now conceal them, and a sympathy established between author and public, which shall infuse inspiration into the one, and heighten the pleasure and profit of the other. Then, indeed, we may look for a literature of which we shall all wear the honours. We shall walk over ground made classic by the imaginations of our poets, the thoughts we speak shall find illustration in verse which has been woven by Southern hearths; and the winds that blow from the land, and the waves that wash our level coast, shall bear to other nations the names of bards who know how to embody the spirit of their country without sinking that universality which shall commend their lessons to all mankind.

EPISTOLARY GOSSIPINGS OF TRAVEL, AND ITS REMINISCENCES.

NO. VII.

Bear House, Sept. 185—

MY DEAR PAUL:

Your somniferous budget of Eastern reminiscences, over which I am still oscitant, restored many a foot-print, half obliterated in the path of memory, what times we used to wander forth from our hospitable quarters on the heights of Pera, in quest of whatsoever old Stamboul might offer up for our edification. Inspired by its effects, I dreamed a dream: I dreamed it was on a clear December morning, accompanied by that most estimable man, and efficient representative, the American Consul, we descended the steep, narrow streets of Pera towards Galata, there to take *caïque* for Scutari, where the Padisha ordinarily attended mosque, and assisted, to the extent of a prayer, and the smoking of a *chibouc*, in the services.

As we walked along, it was with no ordinary sensations we heard our friend's announcement that the couple turning in from a side street, and walking hastily in advance of us, were Georgians, father and daughter, the latter destined for the market; to become the "hanoum," (wife) of some Pasha with countless tails, or, peradventure, of some gouty old Effendi. In a moment, all the most vivid school-boy recollections, and imaginings of their fairy-like loveliness and beauty, rushed to mind. I thought we exchanged glances, and simultaneously executed a rapid movement in advance, leaving our more modest and less enthusiastic Consul in the rear, and took up a position for

inspection, as they passed in review. She was clad, methought, in the graceful, flowing costume of her native mountains, with which we had no fault to find, save that her face was concealed behind that perfidious "yashmac." But, Allah-razolsun! what a pair of orbs beamed upon us, from that blessed little triangular opening! a mixture of moonlight and gazelles: the thin gauze-like texture of her vail barely sufficed to soften, not conceal, to curious eyes, with every act of respiration, features of the most faultless symmetry; and not at all dashed was she with the bluntness of our scrutiny, but returned with much considerate sweetness, our smiles, as well as our gaze. Perhaps in contemplating you, Potter, she hoped she saw a purchaser. However that may be, for myself, I was suddenly seized with strong matrimonial proclivities. The thought of buying a wife, and she the embodiment of young dreams; of planking down the coin, and taking a receipt in full from her father, the instant of surprise, of ineffable interest, of pleasure unto perspiration, reserved for the moment of the removal of the vail with one's own hands, and beholding the unclouded heaven of beauty revealed in toto! "Ah, Paul!" I said aloud slapping my pocket. "If the *beshtiks* were only more abundant, I fear some desperate act would" — but not to pursue the thought—at least my gentle Prudence might, probably would, never have realized the bliss reserved for Mrs. Simon Grunter.

Reflecting coolly on the past, I confess that romance and sympathy were somewhat misplaced, by her evident resignation, yea, relish for her situation. That elastic tread betokened no reluctance——. They stopped, as I thought in my dream, at the low door of a house near the foot of Pera, where they knocked and were admitted. We saw the hem of her "feridjee," as the door closed upon her, and she was hidden from our view forever. The shock awoke me. I found I had been dreaming a literal passage from my journal, which goes on to say, "shall often reflect on the fate of our lovely Georgian."

When recalling our sail up the Bosphorus, I feel in the predicament of the poet, who found so much more than could be dreamed, far less described, of gardens, and summer palaces; enchanting valleys, and cypress groves; kiosks, and scattered villages. We might talk over the romantic beauties of Beschiktasche, (the Sultan's favourite summer residence), or of the glorious bays of Bebek and Balatiman; admire the grand aspect of Anatoli-Hissar, and Rumili-Hissar, frowning at each other from the shores of opposing continents; visit again the lovely retreats of Therapia, and Kefeli-koi, from whence we first saw the Euxine; linger again on the borders of the Göksu, or heavenly water, and wish to dwell forever in its valley of enchantment. But to what end? Do they not "present the very view which charmed the charming Mary Montagne?"

Madame Giuseppino was our hostess, and used to follow us with her smiles as we sallied forth. What a lingual prodigy was Madame Giuseppino! at home in a half-score of dialects; a woman who could successfully withstand John Bull through the fatal th's, and all

the other tongue-traps of his harsh vernacular; lay out Monsieur in a parley vous among the idiomatic mazes of his flowing diction; glide smoothly, musically over the liquid periods of her own mellifluous Italian; administer copious mouthful of his guttural to Meinheer; out-talk a Turk on his own ground, and demolish any ordinary Greek. Beside all these, had she not appropriated some crumbs of Armenian, and begun her alphabet with our Wallachian friend, the Count of the Bullocks? She talked with us some time before we discovered she was not English, so correct was her pronunciation.

We smoked "Lataki" in those days, Paul, eschewing all meaner weeds. Do you remember our first acquaintance with "chiboucs" and lataki; how, fully recognizing its superior claims, we devoted those two live-long rainy days to its faithful dissipation, and acquiring the art of gracefully handling the long cherry stems? Mais revenons à nos moutons. Madame Giuseppino was none of your mysterious characters, moving in a perpetual allegory, like your Madame Phlotothogios, that enigmatical individual whose physiognomy still haunts my imagination, and who even now comes floating into the sea of my mental vision, prodigious, portly and precise; blunt and bulky in perspective, like the stern of a Dutch frigate; rigged in a trifle of all the nationalities. My dear Paul, you were always inclined to be obscure in the matter of that worthy lady; that she was a descendant of the ancient Lacædæmonians, and lived retired by "the sweet waters of Europe," was all you would ever confess.

I recall in all its glorious freshness the prospect from our windows, glorious in natural beauty and illustrious associations; look-

ing to Scutari and the high shores of Asia in the immediate vicinity, laureled with the historic renown of gray antiquity, stretching away down Marmora to the blue outlines of Chalki, and the paradise of Prinkipo, (a sigh for Irene!) overlooking nearer Seraglio point, with the domes and graceful minarets of Stamboul, and the Golden Horn, pouring forth in panoramic view its fleets of "caïques" and fairy Kir-laughts; and presenting to view picturesque gable and dilapidated roof, from Galata to Dolmabahdsche; and finally bringing up with a direct perspective into the culinary department of the Russian Ambassador. You know with what commendable curiosity we used to watch the progress across the court, now, of a steaming soup, anon of a smoking roast, now of a procession of entrées à la Turque, or the "Cadi's" celebrated dish of "Cod," then of a promiscuous mass of pastries and confections. I thought Potter, you used to linger over the movements of those edibles with something approaching to a gastronomic absorption. I thought you would have relished an invitation to dinner. I may have been mistaken.

How pleasant used to be our daily meetings at dinner, with the whole-hearted Wallachian Count. How he of the bullocks used to ramble over his native hills and valleys, and make love to his country. With what regret have we not recalled our inability to accept of his proffer to conduct us to his country-seat near Drogestoveny, where we should be his guests, where we "should see his dear young wife and children, hunt all day long over the Carpathians, or chase bullocks on the plains of the Doumbriza. I must own the prospect of the sport was somewhat shorn of its romance when reflecting on the prodigious length of their

horns; visions of being gored used to pass through me as he talked. I reflected how the Grunters have ever tempered all things with discretion. But really the bush exercises and adventures would have afforded a capital school of practice for us; we might now have been holding commissions among the Bashi-Bezouks, and chasing Russians in place of the Count's bullocks. I flatter myself we should have inscribed our appellations with our swords upon the capital of the pillar of fame.

But I am admonished by the same "sweet restorer" that came so opportunely to the aid of your wife, to suspend further colloquy for the present, lest a like fate befall you also. I will barely remark that this method of holding of gossipings has decided charms for me; for do you see, man, I can go on ad libitum without fear of interruption, save from exhausted nature? I can extend my remarks with a dignified disregard for your "not so's," your "ah, but's," and your "wait a moment's"—but I will not pursue my advantage. In recalling to mind our lingerings about those Eastern shores you have touched a chord whose music is ever grateful. In a material sense they have become the "kubleh," the holy point, of memory, where she fondest turns her pleased face. Could the chords of attachment which bind me to this old ancestral pile be sundered, whither should I turn, and whither direct my steps? To the east with reverend tread would I make my pilgrimage; there in Kandili, where attachment strongest points, would I build my kiosk and plant a branch of the Grunter family. But adieu; when you imbibe, whether spirits or their communications, avert-olsun, (may it do you good,) is the prayer of your sincere fellow voyageur.

S. G.

The Bears, 5 o'clock, P. M.

P. S.—My letter, owing to the tardy movements of my serving man, Gottlieb, was not in time for the mail of this morning. I break the seal to add a few lines.

I remember how once, when congratulating ourselves upon having at last reached home, after a long and very wearisome walk on the island of Malta, and while we were disposing of hats and coats in anticipation of a refreshing wash—the sudden roll of a distant drum rose upon our ears. You immediately suspended further operations, listened, and with a suddenness truly alarming, hurried on your coat again in utter disregard of all fatigue, seized upon your hat and chamois cane in total disdain of comfort, and were down stairs, and after the drum, before I had time to recover sufficiently from surprise, to put in a word of remonstrance, or fairly to begin my admiration of so much military enthusiasm. From the window I could see you making your way down street with long strides.

I thought so much devotion to the service would not be altogether uninterested in the relation of a little military exploit that fell under my notice this day, although there were no drums attending it—and hence this addendum.

I have just returned from a walk to a neighbour with Miserable. That dog, Potter, is a perpetual puzzle to me; he has so many varieties, contrarieties and excentricities of character. He is always on the watch for me when I go forth to my walks, but with more than human delicacy, never offers to advance a foot, unless I invite him; to be sure, he stands looking very miserable, and beseechingly enough, at my departing steps, but it is worthy of note, that unless I invite him along, he prefers to re-

main behind and bear his griefs in silence. He is of the terrier breed; not a large dog; his expression, naturally sanguine, usually wears an air of meek dejection. He has a trait that has puzzled me not a little; although well disposed, amiable, and brave to a fault, he has a habit of bullying all the little dogs he meets with. To be sure he never bites, or injures them seriously, but seems content with rushing against them fiercely and swiftly as his legs will carry him, looking very savage, and rolling them over and over in the dust, while he bestrides their prostrate forms, with legs braced apart and tail in air, enjoying his triumph. His object appears to be merely to give the little fellows a good scaring, and hold them in respectful awe of himself—how like some human bullies! Many a little dog owes him a spite, and some that have grown to big dogs.

But to the incident. A feud has long existed between Miserable and the two large dogs of my neighbour. They have undoubtedly passed through the rolling process when puppies. He is fully aware of the actual state of hostilities, for he never ventures to approach the vicinity alone, nor with me, that he does not begin to bristle up, and utter a note of defiance between a whine and a growl, interspersed with barks, before an enemy is in sight. As we entered the yard gate, I saw the two allies making a reconnaissance from around the angle of the house; they gave each other a knowing look; those dogs had had their heads together, and agreed upon their plan of operations.

As we were crossing the yard, and Miserable, all unconscious of the proximity of the foe, thought himself in comparative safety—as quick as thought, they executed a

flank movement upon him. It was beautifully conceived and executed. The charge was tremendous; the impinging awful. Miserable, as soon as made aware of the dangerous state of affairs, by the uproarious yelping and barking that accompanied the assault, saw it would be vain to attempt flight or resistance; he threw a look of despair to me and resignedly braced himself to meet his fate like a brave dog. Over he went; over and over he rolled a great many times, the big dogs straddling him; now lost to view in the dust that was raised; now emerging again from a multiplicity of legs and tails. Although he kept up a continual series of demonstrations upon their legs, they never once offered to bite him, but appeared perfectly satisfied to roll him. Then it was their object flashed upon me; they had conceived the plan of paying him in his own coin; of testing his relish for the application of his own tactics. When they had punished him to their satisfaction, they turned and trotted away, side by side, laughing over their exploit with great satisfaction. And now comes the point, to which I wish to call your especial attention. No

sooner had they turned, and were quitting the field, than, like the hero of Marengo, collecting his scattered forces for a grand effort to retrieve the fortunes of the day, he made an assault upon their rear, so sudden, so well-timed, so energetic, and supported by such a demonstration of bites and barks, that the two big bullies, taken entirely aback, and thinking the whole canine race was upon them, set up a yelping and jumped for their lives. Before they had time to recover from their panic and comprehend the true state of the case, Miserable had taken up a new strategic point behind my legs; a position from which he knew he could not be dislodged.

Now, I ask, is not this an interesting bit of military history, which, but for my presence, might have gone unwritten? Could any leader have displayed more presence of mind or genius, in taking advantage of time, place and circumstance? You should have witnessed the air of triumph with which the dog, with Saranacic details of slaughter, "fought his battle over again." Probably his tail was never so stiff before.

S. G.

NUMBER VIII.

Magnolia Cabin, Ala., 185-.

MY DEAR SIMON:

How time flies over our heads. Nine years ago to-day we were following in the footsteps of a petticoated descendant of Miltiades, in a doubtful search after the far-famed field of Marathon—the term doubtful being applicable chiefly because of the guide's want of expertness in finding the nearest way.

Nine years! would they had flown over my head without touching. But they have left unmistakeable traces of their passage, in here and there a silvery hair which my wife vainly plucks out—its place is supplied and its position re-inforced; it has returned with "seven others," quite as unwelcome as itself. "Gray hairs are honourable," say I; and my wife adds, "in others,"

and I believe that though our judgment commends the proverb, we prefer to approve at a distance. Nine years of revel in the prime of life, is the enjoyment of wealth, but the retrospection of those years—the consciousness that the priceless gift is gone from us forever—that is matter for serious thought.

Nine years ago this morning, the dawn found us full of ardour, despatching a hasty breakfast of coffee (and probably eggs—infallible resource,) at the Hotel de Londres, at Athens; and early sunrise beheld us rattling in a rickety carriage over the road to Kevesias, in prosecution of our resolution to see the classic battle field of Marathon. At K. the road ended and the path began. As we piqued ourselves on being good pedestrians, twelve or fifteen miles on foot was a mere trifle, and we did not hesitate to undertake the walk under the guidance of the man in petticoats, before alluded to. What a bright morning it was and how vigorously we stepped out. But alas for our poor encumbered guide! In attempting a short cut across the wild hills, he got himself and us, but chiefly his petticoats—a fustinella they call it—fearfully involved in brushwood and thicket. Do you remember how you had to cut him out once with your big jack knife? It was an act of real charity, if not of positive necessity. I innocently suggested cutting the petticoat strings as the readier mode of liberation; but a very slight, though not altogether superficial, examination decided that another mode of relief must be resorted to. Poor Andreascoggi! how he winced and showed his teeth at the approach of your formidable weapon; and no wonder, for had he been a Bologna sausage, and it had done the exe-

cution I have seen it effect, the entangled Greek would have had short shrift.

The walk was certainly tiresome, through brushwood, into ravines, and over hills, none the smoother for their connexion with classic Pentelicus; but when we reached the last of a long succession of such, and stood on the top of Mount Argeliki, the delight we felt well compensated our trouble.

What a place for a bloody field! It seems lists prepared for the combat of infantry or cavalry. Before you, looking northward, is a plain six miles long and a mile and a half wide, bounded on three sides by hills high enough to suggest mountains, and on the fourth by the sea. Through what appears to be the centre of this plain, though it is considerably to the south, meanders from east to west a marshy rivulet, formerly, it may be presumed, of greater consequence, since it aspired to the name of Marathon river. What a capital position behind the creek to await a charge, and up the sides of the hills, off there to your left, for batteries to pour in a flank fire as your enemy charges.

The plain is, however, too narrow for the use of a large force, and this probably proved the salvation of the Greeks, as it prevented them from being outflanked. The eleven thousand men of Attica could as completely occupy the breadth of the plain, as the forty-six thousand Persians (fearful odds.) Herodotus tells us that Miltiades reduced his centre to a depth of three men in order to extend his flanks. The plan succeeded, and both wings of the Persian army were forced back; and though the Grecian centre gave way, the powerful and triumphant flanks wheeled inward and crushed all between them. The disaster to his centre

was, by the inspiration of his genius, converted into a source of victory, and over six thousand Persians, more than half of the victor's forces, fell in the slaughter. How badly you would have run, Simon, had you been a Persian that day, if you had not made better time than when you limped your foot-sore way to the foot of the tumulus which covers the Grecian slain. But the spirit of poesy—blank verse, not rhyme—was strong upon you as you uttered this address to the place: "Sacred mound! beneath these venerable sods repose the ashes of heroes, whose deeds have for twenty-two centuries thrilled through the pages of history. Your remains lie peacefully and quietly beneath the heavy turf; (and it *was* a clayey soil) but the splendour of your actions has made the earth your mausoleum," after which you sat down and took off your shoes—bosom and feet equally relieved.

The Greek farmers went on ploughing up the soil once fertilized by the blood of their famous ancestors, following in petticoat and tasseled red cap at the tail of lean oxen, as unconscious of the great associations which were fermenting in our breasts (you had gotten your foot comfortable by this time) as the poor beasts that plodded laboriously before, and moved their stupid ears in response to the unmusical cries of their drivers. I have a vivid recollection of the discussion we held with Andreascoggi, as to the route we should take in returning to Kevesias. He was for going by a more open, but apparently longer route, leading, I think, by Marathona, having doubtless in his mind on the old way, the fear of bushes and the recollection of your jack knife. We were satisfied that the route we came by was the shortest, and

making him mark out on a smooth spot the relative positions of Marathona, Marathona and Kevesias, we proceeded to explain to him the principles laid down by his great ancestor Euclid, and to convince him that the sum of two sides of a triangle must always be greater than the third side. All this without either party uttering a word. Champollion would have rejoiced; it was the triumph of symbols. How often I have smiled over the remembrance of that discussion. We got the better of the Greek, who defended his aspect of the proposition valiantly, and literally made the dirt fly in the energy of his gesticulations; and leaving the quiet sunlit plain behind, we wended our way back, haply this time without going astray. How well we kept our pace!—it is exercise even to think of it. Andreascoggi finally lagged behind, and could only be seen occasionally, his white garments standing out behind with the velocity of his progress. What a relief it was though, after our walk of full thirty miles, to sit at our ease in the crazy turn-out that had served us in the morning, jogging back to Athens without exertion of our own. Do you remember the execrable wine of the country at Kevesias? It seemed to me as though resin were preserved in barrels of wine.

Those Greeks we saw there were fine looking fellows, despite their intellectual degeneracy. But the degeneracy harmonizes with the face of the country, which, too, has lost its ancient features. Where are now the "vine-clad hills" that once overlooked Marathona? Even the foliage has disappeared, and the hill sides and valleys are covered, if at all, with underbrush and stunted trees. Nothing can be more sterile than the view from Mount Argeliki, and making every

allowance for the season, the country looked as though vivifying nature had bidden it a final adieu.

It was a few days after our excursion to Marathon that, undeterred by the tiresome exercise of that day, we cantered out of Athens in the direction of Eleusis, on a few days ramble, under the guidance of the distinguished Yanné, courier to all the nobility and gentry who had visited Athens. Lest you may have forgotten his ferocious aspect, let me refresh your memory on this point. His dress was a rigorous mameluke as he took pains to tell us, and consisted of a red cap and sash, disposed as a turban, with the long scarf-like ends flying behind, a red jacket, close fitting, with slashed sleeves, profusely embroidered, a sash about the waist, and voluminous pantaloons, with a huge embroidery about the pockets. To his waist was girded a formidable looking scimeter, and a belt, stuck with pistols, completed his costume. A tremendous moustache gave the necessary fierceness to his countenance. It is a pity we have no sketch of the *ayyus* he bestrode, and which afterwards, under the very nose of Mount Helicon, performed the remarkable feat of turning a summersault, and landing Yanné flat on his back in the middle of the road.

I think I hear now the ai! ai's! of the modern Athenians, as our procession tore along the streets; courier, travellers, servants and sumpter mules, helter-skelter, to Yanné's great delight. It was part of his programme. Once outside of the town, our pace sobered, and we moved quietly by the groves where Plato used to ruminate and teach—through the gnarled and sombre looking olive trees, along the margin of the sea, under the shadow of the "rocky brow," where Xerxes sat, with "sea-born Sa-

lamis" before us; and soon came to a poor hamlet, once the shrine of a mysterious faith. Lefsinia, with its half dozen cabins, is but a stricken representative of the famous Eleusis, once resplendent with temples, whose streets in September resounded to the tread of thousands of devotees, come to assist at the celebration of the most profound of the rites connected with the mythology of the Greeks. I will not undertake to vouch for the source of the following information, relative to these ceremonies; but it must have been Yanné, who knew everything, from making turtle soup of a ham bone, to the private thoughts of King Otho. Yanné, clad in his warlike panoply, and muttering through his big moustache, moralizing over the faith of his fathers; as Cour-de-Lion may be supposed to have stood and descanted over Scriptural history by the holy sepulchre. Yanné's English, which I will not attempt to record, would, no doubt, bear a favourable comparison with that of the doughty Richard in point of comprehensibility.

"Here," said Yanné, pointing to a few fragments of columns, "once stood the Ceremaicus—the shrine of a hidden worship that subsisted for countless years—the temple of Ceres. Near this spot it is said the goddess, when roaming the earth in search of her lost daughter, the beautiful Proserpine, whom Pluto had perforce taken to his regions to share with him the pleasures of Pandemonium, (here Yanné showed a fine set of teeth) sat down to quench her thirst at the fountain of Callichoris, and to lament, with dishevelled hair, and in heart-rending accents, the cruel woes of a bereaved mother. The site of her temple, of which these poor stones are the sole remains, marked the

very spot watered by her tears."

"It is impossible to trace the growth of a *culte*, the origin of which is lost far away in the depths of antiquity; but it is certain that for many hundred years before a crescent shone over this land, (Yanné was a furious patriot and had seen Marco Bozzaris) centuries before the cross was reared on Mount Calvary, these columns looked out over the land and sea of Greece, and watched her fortunes. They have heard the thunders of Marathon, (Yanné forgot that there were no big guns in those days, but the torrent of his eloquence disregarded trifles) and the shouts of victory from the battle plain of Platæa. When the fleets of Xerxes fled before the patriot valour of Themistocles, these stones were already gray with age. For fifteen hundred years they stood aloft to witness the adoration of their goddess. Then the faith they shrined was forgotten, and the temple they surrounded deserted, and they fell; and for another thousand years ruin has been creeping over them, until the earth once trodden under the feet of pilgrims, who knelt here, rises over prostrate column and capital.

"There has been no worship here since the days of Theodosius, a thousand years and more; but in the great days of Greece, every fall, nine days were devoted to this festival, called also Demeter, which occupied the thoughts of men even more than the Olympic games. Crowds hurried from all sides to be present at the ceremonies, over which the chief priest, or hierophant, the sacred herald and the torch-bearer held rule. Every Athenian participated at least once in his life. The first day was devoted to assembling, greetings, &c. On the second the cry was "to the water," at which the initiated hur-

ried to two small streams which ran down to the sea, and bathed there. 'An excellent institution,' added Yanné, 'which has too much fallen into disuse of late.' On the fourth day there was a procession in honor of the marriage of Proserpine. (*Simon*—'Plato took her to Gretna Green.') But the sixth and the seventh were the chief days, and comprised the ceremonies of initiation, the rites of which are supposed to have resembled those of modern freemasonry, and death was the penalty for divulging them. The ninth and last day was signalled by the spilling of two urns of wine, an oblation significant, as Yanné thought that probably enough had been drunk. All the ceremonies have not been preserved, but doubtless many of them referred to agriculture and the rural arts, of which Ceres was the patroness. Slaves, bastards and prostitutes were debarred from the mysteries, and afterwards Christians; from 'which it appears to me conclusively,' said Yanné gravely 'that our holy religion was not respected formerly as it now is.'

Turning away from Lefkina, we ambled reflectively on toward Mandra, (the names smack strongly of the Mahommedan conqueror) and thence to Casa, where we passed the night under the shadow of Mt. Citheron. An inspection of the remains of a fort built of huge squared stones, laid up without cement, served to occupy the time until Yanné's great feast was ready, when we dined in a style of imposing magnificence, with half a dozen entrées. Our dining and sleeping room, as well as parlor, embraced the whole second story of the ill-built khan, the ground floor being devoted to horses, and a canteen for the service chiefly of the soldiers, who had a station here. You may recollect, Simon, we had a sup of

something hot, (for it was December) and then lighting our cigars we smoked, and the chimney smoked; and after Yanné had left us to our repose, we sat long and speculated over the fortunes of Greece, and wondered whether its restoration to something like its former preëminence were possible. But no people seems more completely to have disconnected itself with the fame of its ancestry. We can conceive of the possibility that Rome might again be the capital of an empire illustrious in arms, arts and literature; and it does not seem chimerical that Italy might again send abroad its legions and disseminate its learning, conquering and civilizing. But in Greece no such dormant power can be conceived. The barbarous despotism which overran and enslaved it seems to have crushed all greatness from out the heart of the land. Even the poor consolation of vaunting the dominion of their ancestors is not theirs, that dominion is forgotten; and they have no tears for their degeneracy, for they are almost unconscious of their degradation. The splendid heritage of an ancestry preëminent throughout the world is lost; for even the language and the literature which embalms the deeds, the virtues, and the renown of their fathers is, as a people, unknown to them.

The morning sun found us crossing Mt. Citheron by a bad horse-path, and passing over the level plain of Plateæ, and by the Æsopus, in whose waters some modern Aspasias, with well-turned limbs and brown faces, were doing their week's washing. Such lines as the descendants of Pindar now display where he may have walked and mused, are, as you reluctantly remarked, washing-lines. Here the remains of the army of Darius under Mardonius, were defeated by the Greeks under Pausanius, the Gre-

cian Benedict Arnold. Some miles onward we came to the battle field of Leuctra, where Epaminondas, the great Theban general, fought and fell, after having defeated the forces of Sparta, and raised his native State to the summit of her greatness. His tomb is still shown "on the field of his glory." At Thespia we sat and lunched with Parnassus and Helicon before us, and the fragments of a once great town lying around us. A wall containing a horse rudely sculptured on stone is said to belong to the period of its palmy days. *Quien lo sabe.*

A ride of a few hours took us hence to Thebes, situated on a commanding height in the midst of a beautiful and fertile plain. On the hill where once stood the Acropolis are still remains of the ancient time, perhaps some of the very stones ranged into their places by the music of Amphion; or some hieroglyphic traced by the hand of Cadmus, its reputed founder, fifteen hundred years before the Christian era! The modern town, huddled about the heights, looks mean enough, but it is still the second town in Attica in importance. Hence, there is a good carriage road to Athens, the only one then in the country.

Taking this road, we turned our faces to regain the khan at Casa, which sheltered us last night, but which we were not to reach without a mishap to Yanné, which took him down several pegs from the lofty attitude he had aspired to in our estimation as courier, caterer, ciccone and patriot. He had all day gaily led the cavalcade, his sash-turban streaming in the wind, and his scimeter and pistols clattering fearfully; or, if he moderated his triumphant advance, and subdued his pace to our side, he discoursed of his own deeds of valour in the late revolution, or sung an

interminable Roumelia song, which was only interrupted, and brought to a premature close, by his vaunted steed coming down headlong, and flinging Yanné some twenty feet in advance. For a moment, patriot, turban and scimitar seemed completely annihilated. But Yanné was a man of resources, and regaining his feet with great agility, he shook his discomposed array into place, exclaiming, "Il faut d'esprit pour cela."—a man must have tact to go through that as I did. It was evidently though a contretemps, and he gave the luckless beast, that had caused his discomfiture, a dose of Hellenic with a pedal accompaniment, that seemed to arouse it to a sense of its delinquency, and relieved Yanné very much. After this his tone was much moderated, and for the rest of the way he kept soberly to the rear; and though when arrived at the khan, he proceeded to redeem his promise of dining us on twelve courses, to convince us of the amplitude of his preparations for the excursion, Yanné was evidently either mortified in spirit or bruised in the body, and not quite his former self. The courses it may be as well to say consisted, when we got to No. 6, of almonds, No. 7 of raisins, No. 8 of dried figs, No. 9 of cheese, No. 10 of crackers, and No. 11 and 12 of table cloth and empty glasses, for we could make out nothing further. The evening was, as I recollect, little different from its predecessor, except that it was interrupted by a visit from some Greek officers, who desired to share our loft with us. Seeing, however, the refractory disposition of the smoke, which steadily declined using the chimney, or perhaps the

empty state of the bottle, they appeared to relinquish the design, and retired.

The way back to Athens lay over the route of the first day, and we cantered into the city, or, rather Yanné did, for we declined to swell his state, in the same grand style in which we had left it.

I have now lived those days over again. In talking thus to you, Simon, I have mused over Eleusis, and delighted in the society and the panniers of Yanné. I have followed on foot the picturesque drape of our guide, and stood and felt the sun of Marathon lighting up that view so fraught with stirring recollections. I have crossed with you the dusty plain, have sat at the foot of the tumulus, and heard the far off cry of the ploughman. The blue *Ægean* has sent its faint murmurs again to my ear, and the barren mountains about have left the same desolate feeling on my mind. Adieu then, my dear Grunter, while the warm impression of companionship is still upon me, but ever believe me,

Your friend and old comrade,
PAUL.

P. S. I trust it will not be painful to you to recall a contribution to literature we made, passing down the slope of Citheron, to which we were provoked by Yanné's gray charger in front of us. It was as bad as this: Why were the hairs floating from the horse's haunches toward us, on the wind, like the familiar lines,

"The breezy call of incense-breathing morn, &c.,

Because they were from Gray's l-e-g. "The evil that men do lives after them," Simon. P.

TO A YOUNG GIRL.

I.

Oh! thou hast charmed me well,
Far more than tongue can tell,
Yet, go, my sweet Gazelle,
Go, singing free:
Happy and bright the skies,
That woo thy wing to rise,
Bright as Heaven's beams, those eyes,
So bright to me.

II.

Go,—lest the sunny grace
Of that sweet, smiling face,
Win me to mad embrace,
In frenzies wild:
Better in peace depart!—
Even thou, with naught of art
May'st rouse to fire my heart—
Thou, but a child!

III.

Ah! 't were for both a doom,
Did thy sweet, innocent bloom,
Within this breast re'lume
That ancient fire,—
Full of the madd'ning might,
Delirium, not delight,
Which brought the heart to blight,
Bringing desire!

IV.

Better that thou should'st be,
Still, the dear child I see,
Laughing, and going free,
Heedless of aught—
Save the glad song, the smile,
Child-play and childish wile,
As innocent of guile,
As Love of thought.

V.

I would not have thee come,
Down, from thy native home,
Fresh with its matin bloom,
To forfeit here,
One smile of that dear face,
Laugh, motion, look of grace,
For which we cry out—"Place!—
Bright ones appear!"

VI.

Alas! thou little know'st,
 How, round thy steps, a host—
 Passions of evil boast,—
 Crowd to consume;
 Armed each with cunning power,—
 Rifting, as birds the flower,—
 They sing thee, one short hour,
 Sing thee to doom!

VII.

Of all that thus pursue,
 Seeming most fond,—and woo,—
 How few are brave and true!—
 Scarce shalt thou win,
 One young heart, free of blame,
 With a fond, generous flame,
 Untouch'd with self and shame,
 Unsmutcht with sin!

VIII.

The Love, which here they bring,
 Himself's an earthly thing,—
 Crawls, creeps, without a wing,
 So,—without heart:—
 Can make no sacrifice,
 And, with a cunning nice,
 Still polishes the vice,
 To the abuse of art.

IX.

Crawling about the bloom,
 He robs the fresh perfume,
 Cares naught, though bringing doom,
 And, like a thief,
 Pursues his cruel toil,
 Not to delight, but spoil,
 And turns, with serpent guile,
 The joy to grief.

X.

Alas! the frequent tale!
 Then thy young hope would fail—
 Then thy young heart would ail,
 And, ere many days,
 Over thy cheeks, the red,
 Of thy beauty, would be spread,
 With a pall, as of the dead,
 And with a dread amaze!

XI.

Then, no longer high,
 Lifted to the sky,
 Thy down-looking eye,
 Would commune with blame,

Thy free step and grace
 Fleet, and leave no trace,
 And upon thy face,
 Would be shame! Oh! shame!

XII.

And they'd have no care,—
 They who wrought the snare,—
 When, no longer fair,
 Thou hast felt the doom;—
 Of the crowd that knew,
 Fawn'd and fondled too,
 Scarcely one would strew
 Flow'rs upon thy tomb!

LINES.

Too long, O Spirit of Storm,
 Thy lightning sleeps in its sheath!
 I am sick to the soul of yon pallid sky,
 And the moveless sea beneath.

Come down in thy strength on the deep!
 Worse dangers there are in life
 When the waves are still, and the skies look fair,
 Than in their wildest strife.

There was one I knew whose days
 Were as calm as this sky overhead;
 But one blue morn that was fairest of all,
 The heart in his bosom fell dead.

And they thought him alive while he walked
 The streets that he walked in youth;—
 Ah! little they guessed the seeming man
 Was a soulless corpse in sooth.

Come down in thy strength, O Storm!
 And lash the deep till it raves!
 I am sick to the soul of that quiet sea,
 Which hides ten thousand graves.

WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY.

We have very little respect for that ineffable and undefinable something which is signified by the expression an American literature. Generally speaking, we have been inclined to regard it as a plea for something which craves a tender criticism. We see no reason why we should read, still less buy, a bad book, because it is American; and we have, perhaps, even greater contempt for that which appeals to sectional prejudices. Literature is eminently catholic. It knows no country—it despises corners and sections. Every book must stand or fall by its own merits; and whatever may be the influence of cliques for the time, the great public will be sure to pass a true judgment upon every candidate for the laurels of literature.

But while we thus protest against the littleness of a sectional criticism, we are fully alive to the importance of recognizing to its fullest extent the claims, the honest and natural claims, of our country.

These claims have been asserted with success in every department in which our country has felt herself compelled to speak, and we think it is high time to vindicate the dignity of the language in which she asserts this claim.

The man who numbers three-score years, has lived through many changes, and has had the satisfaction of seeing the country gradually emerge from a state of degradation to a position which commands the respect, founded on fear, of the most powerful nations of the earth. It has ever been an unaccountable phenomenon, that after the energy displayed by the

States, imperfectly bound together in a common cause, in asserting their independence, they had no sooner inaugurated a government which promised durability and strength, than the paralysis of fear seemed at once to come over her, and for years it was a vain boast to declare one's self an American citizen. Far be it from us to criticise in an unfriendly spirit the administration of Washington, or even of Adams; no one should approach it who has not duly considered the awful responsibilities which they assumed in organizing the new republic. But it is impossible to conceal the fact that they did not assert and vindicate the dignity and independence of their country; that these were shamefully abandoned by Jefferson, and that when Madison's Administration was at last kicked into a war, they had no sooner made the fatal declaration than they appealed as suppliants to the Russian emperor, to implore his good offices with the angry lion, whom they had rashly dared to defy. Truth to say, the early history of our country is not one which it is pleasant to dwell upon.

One cause of this moral weakness we have long imagined to be the immense influx of a foreign population, and the consequent propagation of sentiments adverse to our self-respect. The opinion was entertained at that time, nay, is even now, that humanity in America has a downward tendency. That it is a fine country for bread and butter, but that the man, in all that constitutes him a man, declines. Undue importance was, therefore, attached to European thought and action, so that at

last we began to lean dependently upon European opinion in every department. We have always believed that had Mr. Gallatin not been a member of the Cabinet, the administrations of both Jefferson and Madison would have commanded more respect; and we find energy in our counsels and success attending our arms, as soon as that gentleman retired from a place he ought never to have filled. When Americans, educated entirely under American influences, were left to themselves, then, and not till then, the genius of Scott, and Brown, of Macomb, and of Jackson, taught both ourselves and our enemies that Americans could defend the country which they had planted. And the same sentiment which rendered us weak in war influenced us in every part of our life. We were afraid even to think for ourselves. If an American wrote a book, no one dared approve it unless a favorable judgment came from across the Atlantic; and when judgment did come, it was generally unfavorable. Charles Brockden Brown, whose works have forced themselves into the classic ranks, died a disappointed man; and Americans read the works of Godwin and of Maturin, without daring to believe that their master was a humble citizen of Philadelphia. They could read the works of Irving with confidence, because they were issued from an English press; but it was not until England had condescended to adopt Geoffry Crayon, the Sketcher, that we dared laugh at the exquisite drollery of Diedrich Knickerbocker. Whoever will amuse himself by reading the novellettes of Paulding or of Miss Leslie, faithful records of the social condition of the times, will be struck with the awe with which every European, particularly every Englishman, was regarded in cer-

tain classes, and these too constituting a large portion of the better class of our population. How sedulously all Americanisms in speech, conduct and morals were eschewed, not because they were wrong in themselves, but because, forsooth, they would lower them in the estimation of the English lion, before whom they desired to make a display.

Mrs. Grundy has long held absolute sway over the people of this country; and while every neighborhood possessed its own specimen of this powerful dame, there was one great, one general, one supreme Mrs. Grundy, before whom all America quailed. This omnipotent Mrs. Grundy was the English people. It was just when her reign was highest, and most despotic—for by a natural principle of morals as well as of physics, the peace which followed the war of 1812 had brought with it even more abject submission to English opinion—that Noah Webster published the first edition of the American Dictionary of the English language. The boldness of the undertaking created no little astonishment on both sides of the Atlantic; and if our memory does not deceive us, the literary aristocracy was unanimous in rebuking the arrogance of the presumptuous American. We have now lying before us a critique which appeared in the Southern Review of May, 1830, in which the writer's claims to etymological knowledge are severely rebuked. The unfairness of the criticism provoked a reply from the lexicographer, which was published in the August number, and with it the rejoinder, by the critic to whom the reply had been submitted. The subjects discussed are those which lie entirely beyond our knowledge; but it is quite apparent that the critic had found his

master, as he is driven to resort to little subterfuges, which a really candid antagonist would have scorned. We can not at this distance of time venture to name the writer of these articles, but have every reason to believe that they were furnished to the ostensible author by a Russian or Polish adventurer, who was not long afterwards detected in furnishing for the pages of the Review, as original papers, the translations from the writings of Wachter and Fiorillo.

Mr. Webster was all his life engaged in the study of words. We have heard our late esteemed friend Babcock often say, that he was the first person who ever saluted Washington the Generalissimo with the music of a drum. Tradition says that the students of Yale College, catching the ardor of the times, organized themselves into a military company, the embryo lexicographer was enrolled as a musician; and when in June, 1775, Washington was hastening to take the command of the army about Boston, the young cadets gave him a military reception, the first which the rapidity of his journey made possible. This anecdote is given merely as a pleasing incident in the life of one whose avocations seemed to lead him far from the clangor of arms. According to his own statement, he appeared as a lexicographer as early as 1783, when he published an elementary spelling book for facilitating the acquisition of our vernacular, and for correcting a vicious pronunciation which prevailed extensively among the common people of our country. With this his thoughts began to take a loftier flight, and before the end of the century he had fully determined to devote his life to the preparation of a complete dictionary of the English language.

We presume there is no American who has passed the age of two-score, who does not remember his dealings with Webster's elementary spelling book. It circulated throughout the country; no school could dispense with it; and if we are not mistaken, it still maintains itself amid a host of rival candidates for popular favor. We once thought that the universal use of that book was one of the causes to which might be referred the almost total absence of provincial dialects in this country. Subsequent reflection has induced us to modify this opinion, as we may have occasion to show before concluding this paper, but we have no hesitation in declaring our belief, that as far as it was possible for any book to produce such a result, it was effected by Webster's elementary spelling book.

When on the reprinting of Macauley's History of England some ten years ago, certain persons were indignant at the use of Webster's orthography, it was asserted that Mr. Webster's attachment to phonetic spelling manifested itself at an early period, and that he actually published a spelling book, in which orthography was made to yield submissively to the sound. Desirous of learning the truth of the story, we applied to his literary executor, and learned that the charge was well founded, and that the work had been performed at the suggestion of Dr. Franklin; whether this was his first essay or a subsequent attempt we did not learn. It proved a failure, and the author lived long enough to change completely some of his views, and to modify nearly all. We can readily imagine and make allowances for the influence which a mind like Franklin's must have exercised over the ambitious views of the young lexicographer. Eminently

practical in all his tendencies, regarding language as an instrument of thought, and not as a subject which lived in and for itself; with his imagination kindled at the prospect of a political millenium on this side of the Atlantic, is he to be condemned for hailing the advent of that period which should make the language of America as marked as her virtues and her institutions? Having by several preliminary publications felt his way, having devoted years to the study of comparative philology so as to perfect himself; thirty-five years after his first humble attempt, he launched into the world that American Dictionary of the English language, which even now a large body of American readers and writers do not hesitate warmly to disavow.

When Dr. Johnson, after a labour of about five years, published his dictionary, he became, almost immediately, the autocrat of the republic of letters. His name became famous, and his company a passport to reputation. In a few years, whilst still in the prime of life, a royal pension saved him from the necessity of compulsory labour, and he lived to a good old age without a suspicion that his best passport to immortality was the wine-bibbing toady, whom he tolerated about his person, for the sake only of the steams of adulatory incense which he incessantly offered at his shrine.

Far different was the fate of the American lexicographer. The publication of his dictionary, the work to which he had devoted a life, (he was now seventy years old,) was the signal for furious attacks from all quarters; and the veteran *littérateur* was engaged for the remainder of his life in defending the work which he had so carefully constructed. He lived, however, to satisfy the demand for a second edi-

tion, which was published in 1840, and when he died, in 1843, he had just completed an appendix to his work. His dictionary was not only the cherished child of his life; it was his very life.

A perfect dictionary of a language should contain :

1. A complete collection of all the words in use in the language.
2. Correct definitions of these words.
3. The history of these words, which includes their etymology, and the variations which their use has suffered in their passage through the language.
4. The generally received orthography; and
5. (Which is of far less importance.) An attempt by signs and marks to convey the generally accepted pronunciations of these words.

If the judgment, taste and opportunities of learning of the lexicographer permits, he should, further :

6. Discriminate between such words as are strictly good, and those whose respectability is questionable; but 'this opens wide the field for the introduction of provincialisms, idiotisms, and archaisms; and here, especially, will the best lexicographer be vulnerable—here every caviller stands on firm ground, and bad, indeed, must be his cause if he cannot find his author tripping.

Now, of these requisites for a perfect dictionary, one must be grossly prejudiced who will deny that, in the first two respects, Webster's Dictionary is not only unexceptionable, but that it is far in advance of any other. In fact, some may reasonably question the taste and judgment which have admitted so many words; and, if we may judge from a prospectus which now lies before us, a fourth edition will soon be issued, in which the additional

words will be numbered by thousands. It cannot be denied, however, that as a word-book, a fault like this is one to be commended; the more words a lexicographer gives us, the more he throws us upon our own judgment. This is emphatically a word-creating age. Let the diligent collector arrange and define them.—Their life or their death depends upon the future.

With regard to the third point, we must make a distinction. So far as the history of the word in the English language is concerned, Webster must yield the palm to Richardson. In fact, the great value of this last named dictionary consists in the chronological array of writers who have used the word in question, thus presenting, at a single view to the reader, what may be called the domestic history of the word. As for etymology proper, or the tracing a word to its derivative, our author may safely challenge a comparison with any of his rivals—and as a work on comparative philology, we do not know its equal. And here it may not be amiss to call attention to his own notion of etymology, and vindicate him from a charge, brought against him in sheer ignorance, of being fanciful, and more ingenious than really learned. Some curious person, for example, will find a pure Saxon word, e. g., *break*; he will find under it a reference to the Saxon, the Swedish, Danish, Dutch, German, Welsh, Irish, Spanish, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, &c. He cries out incontinently, that Mr. Webster has derived the common English word *break* from a Hebrew primitive. Begging our critic's pardon, it is not Mr. Webster's fancy, but his own ignorance which speaks; and he condemns the author for that which constitutes no small portion of the value of his

book. In all purely English words, where an Anglo-Saxon word precedes it, as e. g., Breccan, break; then, unquestionably, this Saxon word is the origin of its English equivalent. So far and no further does Mr. Webster pretend to teach—and so far no one will or can dispute his position. All the rest is a mere comparison of the equivalent vernacular in other languages, beginning with the cognate languages, and ending with those known languages which are most remote. No question is raised, far less settled, as to priority in the use of the word. It is presumed that the same necessity for the word caused it to be used in all languages; and the only inference which is even suggested is, that when a marked similarity occurs in all the languages, it must be considered a well preserved relic of that primitive tongue which was used when, as Holy Writ informs us, all the world was of one language and one speech.

It is on the fourth point, however, that of orthography, that all the critics have felt themselves at liberty to denounce Mr. Webster, and there are not a few who honestly believe that adherence to his system is a step backward in the cause of learning. In this respect Mr. Webster has met with the fate of Mr. Wordsworth. When the latter published his untenable theory on the subject of the poetical diction, the critics collated together every feeble verse which he had written, took them as fair illustrations of his own poetical character, and then unsparingly condemned him. It was vain to show that these were only blots, which might mar, but could not obscure the merit of what he had written that was truly valuable. The essay seemed to be written for the purpose of forcing these very passages upon the pop-

ular admiration, and this was an offence which could not remain unpunished. In process of time a compromise was effected. In subsequent editions, some of the most glaringly offensive verses were either recast or obliterated, and the public gave the writer due credit for the really good things which he had written. Thus it was with Mr. Webster. All the abuse which he sustained was caused by his peculiar spelling of about one hundred words. It was vain to say that in some words he had only returned to the standard before Johnson had changed them; that in others he had conformed to analogy, in opposition to usage; that in others he had merely met and encouraged a growing tendency; and that in others he had taken etymology as his guide. The critics treated the dictionary as they did the poetry of Wordsworth.—They insisted that these words constituted the very essence of the dictionary, and to be a Websterian was to incur at once the double stigma of Americanism and ignorance. Mr. Webster was firm. He died in the full odour of the Websterian faith; but we observe that his editors have proposed a compromise. In the last edition both modes of spelling the questionable words are given, and the reader is allowed the liberty of choice.

We have no hesitation in pronouncing Mr. Webster in error, in this whole matter. What constitutes a language? Surely, the custom of those who speak it; and custom is as binding in matters of orthography as of grammar. No tyrant so capricious, she will give no reason for her practice, and if the whim seizes her, she over-rides antiquity, analogy and etymology. As the grammarian is bound to collect the usages of the people who speak and write the language

which he professes to illustrate, and is not allowed to legislate on his own authority; so the lexicographer must content himself with faithfully reporting what appears to be, correct usage, and not presume to determine that to be correct, which custom does not sanction. As in the case of disputed or divided custom, the grammarian may exercise his own judgment and pronounce accordingly, so may in like cases the lexicographer. We have no doubt but that a large majority of his peculiar views would have been adopted, had he in the first place conformed to usage, and under each word entered his objections, and suggested his improvement. Many would have listened to the voice of persuasion, who shut their ears resolutely to the dogmatic voice of one who spake as if clothed with authority; and to all such, Websterisms will forever remain foul blots, to which the language shall never submit.

The longer we live the more sceptical do we become on the subject of orthography. We would once have wagered that we could write a score of pages without committing a blunder—we would by no means risk any money on such a hazard now. Every body seems to have his standard. We think it is a pity. A word misapplied, or used in a sense different from usage, sometimes calls thought into exercise; but a word peculiarly spelt arrests thought, diverts it from its subject, and directs it to the strange orthography. This is a perpetual blot in the writings of Archdeacon Hare. We leave his train of thought to wonder at his peculiar formation of some preterites. It is just such a blunder as a speaker makes, who pays studied attention to his voice and gesticulations. You lose sight of the discourse in admiration of the actor. This is a very curious

phenomenon—a misspelt word, one which is so either through ignorance or heedlessness, is scarcely observed; often it is unnoticed, or if noticed, does not for an instant disturb you; but every instance of affectation in spelling is an offence. You unconsciously look for more examples, and at last you find yourself engaged in a spelling lesson, when you expected to be reading the production of a deep thinker.

It is useless to dwell longer on this subject. We condemn the dogmatism which presided over the first edition; but are ready to accept the compromise offered by his editors in the third.

The last point which is to be regarded in a dictionary, is its utility as a guide to pronunciation. In regarding it as a department in lexicography, we have merely spoken in compliance with the popular opinion. As to its utility, we are utterly sceptical. It is to be remarked that no one consults a dictionary for pronunciation, except those who are generally pretty well qualified to dispense with its services. And in most cases of disputed pronunciation among educated men, it will generally be found that each party will be supported by the views of some one who assumes to speak by authority. Now, what means all this, but that pronunciation is unsettled; that usage has not determined the word in question? A pronunciation decidedly vicious is not to be cured by a dictionary; a departure from usage in any given word is a matter of no consequence. If a man is well bred and well educated, he need not trouble himself about his pronunciation. The instant he does so, he becomes affected, and affectation is the greatest vice in language. The same remark which we have already made about bad spelling and

affected spelling is true in this respect. The one is a perpetual tease; the other carries its apology in its front, and is pardoned even before it is noticed. The best rule for pronunciation is to conform to the best standard of your neighbourhood. Be natural; be yourself; and you will be respected. The instant you fly to Mrs. Grundy for her decision, you lose yourself, get into a false position, and are doomed so long as you remain there, to the most abject kind of slavery, that of your own self-condemnation.

It is a curious fact, that the most celebrated compilers of pronouncing dictionaries were not Englishmen. Sheridan was an Irishman, Walker a Scotchman. They felt the immense disadvantage of a provincial position, and they bestowed more pains on learning how to pronounce English, than would have sufficed for learning several valuable languages.

And this brings us to a very important inquiry: What standard should be adopted by the compiler of a dictionary in this country? To give another form to the question: What language should be represented by a dictionary compiled for the use of Americans? The most obvious answer to this question is, the English language, without doubt; for English is the language of the American people. If by the English language is meant the language of the English people, then it is not strictly true that English is the language of the American people. The same word is not unfrequently used in the two countries in different senses; thus: to *realize*, in England, means to bring into being; also, to convert anything into real estate; in this country it is most generally employed to signify a vigorous effort of the imagination. An American speaks of a *balance*, when an

Englishman will say a remainder. A *clever* American is a good-natured fellow, a clever Englishman is one possessed of skill and address. An American *contemplates*, while an Englishman intends. An American has his worn boots *foxed*, while an Englishman has his footed. An American *goes* for war, while the Englishman *is* for peace. An American is an *influential* man, an Englishman has influence. In the settlement of accounts, an American will produce his *offset*, while the Englishman is equally ready with his setoff. An American *rides* in his carriage, an Englishman only on horseback. An American finds a *school* of fish, an Englishman a shoal. An English bill-broker is an American *shaver*; an English porker is an American *shote*; an English distillery is an American *stillhouse*; an English shareholder in a bank is an American *stockholder*. An Englishman oversets his wagon, an American *upsets* his. An English plant droops, an American *wilts*. An English political intriguer is an American *wire-puller*. Your hint has furnished the Englishman with a notion or fancy; it has given the American a *wrinkle*. An English nose of wax is an American *dough-face*. An English servant is an American *help*; a disagreeable companion is an American *ugly customer*.

Every one who has paid any attention to what are called Americanisms knows that the table of differences may easily be spread over several pages. Now what is an American lexicographer to do? Shall he ignore Americanisms, and use such words only as pass current in England? Then he ignores his country, his breeding and his language, and is trebly a traitor, if his contemptible flunkeyism does not make the crime impossible to his littleness.

Shall he give the words, but caution his readers that they have the American taint? Then he only proclaims himself a flunky.

Unquestionably, the language of a people is the language which they speak; they who write as they speak write naturally, write gracefully, write well. They who speak one language and write another, are ever stiff, forced and unnatural. And this is the inevitable fate of every man who feels that his language is degraded to a provincial dialect.

Before the union of the two kingdoms Scotland had a literature peculiarly her own. Her writers felt no reproach of vulgarity in the use of her native dialect, and if the literature was not so rich as that of England, it was rich in proportion to its relative population. The union came, and every Scot who aspired to write made it his first study to shake off the vulgarity of provincialisms. Scotland has produced many eminent contributors to English literature, and she has fondly hoped that their works might serve to illustrate the wealth of the English language. Let us see what Archdeacon Hare says of the Scotch English: "A sort of English has been very prevalent during the last hundred years, in which the sentences have a meaning, but the words have little or none. As in a middling landscape the general outlines may be correct and the forms distinguishable, while the details are hazy and indefinable, and confused; so here, the abstract proposition designed to be exprest is so; but hardly a word is used for which half a dozen synonyms might not have stood equally well; whereas, the test of a good style, as Coleridge observes, is, its untranslatableness in words of the same language without injury to the meaning. This may be called Scotch

English; not as being exclusively the property of our northern brethren; but because the celebrated Scotch writers of the last century are in the first rank of those who have emboweled the substantial roast beef and plum-pudding English of our forefathers." Complimentary, certainly, to Scottish vanity, and an ample recompense for the wilful abandonment of their native language. But when a Scotchman writes his vernacular without affectation, and without fear, he can extort admiration from even the most cold-blooded critics. Burns is great, not in spite of his language, but because of it. Whenever he attempts to write English he fails. In his vernacular he is equal to the greatest.

Another curious fact may here be noticed in connection with the history of English literature. As the most successful orthoëpists were not Englishmen, so the most successful verbal critics have been Scotchmen. Campbell and Blair have hardly yet been displaced from the throne of rhetorical criticism. Is not this excellence the result of a conscious sentiment of the incongruity which exists between the written and the spoken language of the critics?

Now, shall we voluntarily place ourselves in the position of the Scotch, and while the tendency of our speech is to depart further and further from the English idiom, adopt a style of writing which shall be at variance with our style of speech? Shall we be natural, or affected, stiff, or graceful? Shall we be Americans, or only Anglo-Americans? At present there is a war between the so called educated classes and the multitude; while the former look anxiously to London for authority and direction, the latter, heedless of the struggle in which they are unconsciously en-

gaged, are settling the question in favour of the country, more decidedly perhaps because of their unconsciousness. The battle is not yet over, but it requires no spirit of prophecy to foresee the result. The American language is destined as surely to be heard and read, as the American republic is to fulfil its manifest destiny. And the time is not far distant when this truth will be felt and acknowledged.

Of all the languages of Europe the English is the most composite. Its strength, as well as its beauty, lies in its catholicity. The language of America is destined to be more composite still, and will not probably be inferior to its great mother. It is the fashion in England, now-a-days, to value Saxon purity of speech; it will be our fashion to admire English purity—each language adopting, as its test of pure simplicity, that which approximates nearest to its mother tongue. Saxon purity will never be characteristic of the Americans. When native genius in England breaks through the fetters of poverty, and soars into the region of cultivated thought, then all the words which have been nursed among the humble cottages of the peasantry, come out clothed in the garb of refinement, and a new element of beauty is brought to light from the gloomy recesses in which it has hitherto crouched. The Saxon dialect is never a stranger to English ears. The child hears it in the soothing tones of his nurse; he learns it from conversing with his servants. The old words of the nation are silently preserved in the humble abodes of the people, ready at the moment of need to spring up to the upper walks of life, and thus the Saxon element of the language is continually coming up to enrich and beautify the English language. All this we must forego. Our peo-

ple are not a Saxon, but a mixed people. We have no underlying element from which we can at need enlarge our vocabulary. The child's nurse at the South is a negro, a person who has no language. At the North she is a Celt, a German, a Frenchwoman. All these live together; as no common bond of language unites them, they seek one in English, but it is the English of to-day, not the deeply rooted English of the Island. As the Saxon of Alfred is the starting point of the English, so is the English of Shakspeare that of the American. Beyond this he cannot go. But language can no more be stationary than society. What then are we to do when our needs require a new word? We have no past, to which we can fall back; our only hope lies in invention.

We have no fancy for these inventions. They are offensive to every one who has had his taste formed on good models. But they are a necessity of our position, and he is unwise who stubbornly rejects, or unavailingly deplors them. They find their way into general use; we employ them at first in sport, with a protest against their claims; afterwards from habit, and at last from necessity. They give to our language a grotesqueness which excites in the Englishman the smile of ridicule, and suffuses the cheek of the thin-skinned American with shame. But this grotesqueness will in time be softened into the picturesque, and the time will come when the American's

only shame will be that he was once ashamed.

Shall the American lexicographer include all these words in his dictionary? Of the large mass even now floating in our language it is certain, that while some will maintain their position others are doomed to a transitory existence. But no one can predict with any certainty. He must therefore exercise caution, boldly adopting those words which have been used by good American authority; and in those which are less fortunate, noting the circumstances under which they are used.

All honour now to the memory of Noah Webster. He had the sagacity to discover the tendency of the American language, and the patriotism to accept it with the other blessings of this new republic. He had the integrity to avow his birth-place, and he has not called his work an English Dictionary, but an American Dictionary of the English language. In the future history of a truly American literature he will be held in the highest respect, as the pioneer scholar who first asserted and successfully maintained the dignity and independence of the language of his country. More than a pioneer we can not call him; for the times in which he lived prevented him from acting any other part; but a faithful and judicious one he was, and when Americans shall have learned to quench the blushes of a morbid shame, then will his merits be universally acknowledged.

THE ONE LOVE.

De Quincey says, "I have always revered a man of whom it could be truly said, that he had once, and once only, been desperately in love." To this gifted man would I prove an object of deep reverence; for, though a man, I have clung with all the tenacity of a woman to one love. To the world I am simply a middle-aged, respectable gentleman, fat and fifty: eating and enjoying my dinners with the relish peculiar to that age; smoking my cigars, drinking my wine, doing things slowly, but respectably, and looking, as it were, dozingly at the wide world around me. Outwardly I am all this; but there is an inner life of which the folks know nothing; a life of feelings, thoughts and regrets, of hopes destroyed and visions gone. At fifty, I am not disposed to indulge in a "sobbing litany;" my purpose is not to wail out a requiem over the days that were. I intend to tell a plain story in a plain way—to set before you the past, and show how that past has made my present.

To begin with my present. My house is completely comfortable. I know of no unsupplied want there. I have, as I before delicately hinted, my enjoyable dinners, my wine, my cigars, my dogs, and my two sisters. These ladies are not young; they, too, have their reasons for remaining single—private heart histories, which it is not my purpose to disclose. Let me tell that gentleman, who is now sneering at my single sisters, that they are truly what he wickedly refuses to believe them, old maids from choice, and not from stern

compulsion. I know that there are some among my sex who say as my friend Wiggins, "catch *her* refusing *him*." Now this "her" may be a lady of ample means, and ample endowments, whilst this "him," is of moderate means and moderate gifts. Wiggins and I argue thus: "Why should she," I ask, "dower him with all these golden gifts?" Wiggins answers: "Because she wants a husband." "Is that certain?" I ask. He replies, "every single woman does." Friend Bragg says "men are never refused; and he can marry Miss Opal at any moment he pleases, though she is young and attractive." "Be that as it may," I reply; "dear Wiggins, men *are* sometimes refused; we are not the prizes we would fain believe, though they are some very estimable characters among us." Let me tell you, also, that the woman who has never received an offer is indeed "*rara avis in terris, nigroque simillima cygno*." There are many women single not because they think that state happier, wiser, or better; but because they have met with no one who could call out all the deep music of their hearts; they would not debase themselves by submitting to the form of marriage, "where marriage was none;" they would not "personate love," or "barter the beautiful for barley." These are true women—true to the high and the holy in their natures, and I reverence them for

"Preferring dreary hearths to desert souls."

Then there are women moving in the shadows of an unhappy

love; they poured out the rich tide of affection once, they have no more left to give. Unworthy he proved, they nevertheless care not to replace him. Some again, stand constant mourners at a grave. The world have forgotten him; he died many years ago, to her he died but yesterday, and her tears start afresh at his name, and she hastens from the group to conceal the sorrow she cannot check. Why, ridiculous woman, what ails you? he died long ago. So he did, he did; I fear I *am* foolish; but ah! love was strong, and grief is stronger. I hear, even now, his tender words—ah! no one has ever loved me as he did. Again I hear him say, as he looks up from the book he is reading to me, "dear Lucy, we are so congenial in our tastes, what a happy future lies before us; *together!* what a word for love to spell; yes, yes, what a happy future lies before us, *together.* The grave opens its yawning mouth and cries never. Then comes a fearful day. I plead from the very depths of my anguished heart, spare, O spare him. In vain; the coffin, the shroud for him; for me a broken-hearted love that waits throughout a life time. Deep shadows have fallen upon me; my heart seems to stand still, and I repeat to myself these words:

GONE, FOREVER GONE.

Gone, forever gone; I stand, beloved,
Beside the mound that marks thy grave,
And, as I gaze with streaming eyes
upon it,
Weep for a love, that adoring, could not
save.
The stars still shimmer in the deepen'd
azure,
The flowers blossom in the vales
around,
Earth peals glad anthems through the
realms of nature,
But thou can'st send back no re-echoing
sound.
Gone, forever gone, low thou art sleep-
ing,

Whilst I with wild unrest am wandering
on,
Helpless 'midst the surging of these
billows,
Hopeless 'midst the fury of this storm.
Oh, never more for me can sunlight
glitter,
Or gild the flowings of my life's dark
wave,
Forever more I stand in deepest sha-
dow,
The shadow, best beloved, of thy early
grave.
Gone, forever gone, yes, thou hast
perished,
But love immortal shall survive the
grave,
And live, a ceaseless stream forever
flowing,
With its pure floods eternity to lave.
There, where 'soft choral strains are
ringing,
There, where the seraphs chaunt no
earthly lay,
I'll meet thee, best beloved, this dark
night over,
We stand beneath the glory of a perfect
day.
Gone, forever gone; O no, I'll meet
thee,
Yet once again together shall we stand;
Up to a land ringing with evangels,
Thou beckon'st me onward with thy
shadowy hand.
There, where love's amaranth blooms in
fadeless beauty,
There, where love's music breathes from
lips divine,
There, where love is life and life's im-
mortal,
I'll claim thee, best beloved, *mine, for-
ever mine.*

Wiggins rubs his eyes—eyes as hard to get water from as the flinty rock, and says, "how pathetic, why dear me, bless you! I never thought of all this before," and Wiggins grows as silent as unsunned Memnon; his slow mind is pondering the lesson, and when my sisters, in their old fashioned garments and unhooped, enter the room, he gazes upon their faded and antique forms sadly and reverentially.

But to my own history. I was but a boy when I first met Helen Clare. She may not have been pretty, indeed she was not; neither was she very intellectual, very

graceful, or very superior in any respect; but I loved her; the reason I do not pretend to know. It was pleasant to sit and watch her, it was pleasanter far to talk to her. I think the charm about her was her *naturalness*, an entire absence of pretence and affectation. I went to college, but during my visits home I met Helen Clare frequently. The thought of marrying her was the dream of my young life, *that* coloured my future and gave light to my present. I graduated, came home, went to see Helen Clare, proposed, and was—rejected. I felt crushed; a few gentle words had shivered my beautiful dream to fragments. I entreated, I implored, but the reply ever was, “no;” I would wait, we were both young, if she would only give me one word of hope. “She had none to give.” “O how could she sit calmly dealing out her words so quietly; did she know she was killing me by her icy coldness; did she know I loved her with all the fiery ardour of youth?” I plead with the passionate eagerness of love, but it availed me nothing, and wretched and despairing I left her presence. For a short season I felt reckless and miserable, but time, that kind soother, assuaged my woes. I went into society; I flirted, I admired, but no one ever jostled Helen Clare’s image from my heart, where I held it a sacred memory.

My friends wondered I did not marry; and my worthy uncle—who had three wives underground, and one above it—said to me, as he stretched out his feet before my warm hearth, when on a visit to me one evening: “Angelo, you should marry; you are verging on that miserable condition, old bachelorism; a few more years and nothing can save you; you will pitch over into that wretched slough of des-

pond. A man to be respectable, Angelo, must be married.”

“I presume, sir,” I answered, “the oftener he marries the more respectable he is; if that be true, Blue Beard was a highly respectable gentleman.”

“Angelo is so unimpressible,” said my sister; “he is as blind as the Sphinx to female loveliness.”

“No, dear sister, you err. I am exceedingly impressed with the rosy cheeks of pretty Miss Bee, and whenever I see her I commence to calculate how many saucers of carmine it took to make up her colour.”

“There it is,” said my sister, “he talks of them all in that way.”

“Angelo has never loved,” exclaimed my youngest sister.

“Dear innocents,” was all I said, as memory travelled rapidly back to that cruel episode in my life.

Years sped on: Helen Clare had left the city for a country residence. I saw her not, and never heard of her. One evening I attended my sisters to a middle-aged tea drinking. I verily believe there was not a creature in the room under forty; we were all people of many years and great experience. It was pleasant for me to sit and converse with a maiden lady who was young at the same time I was. We travelled time’s paths backwards, and spake of many events of days gone by. She remembered well a bunch of opopanax I gave her; they were in her herbarium; over their shadowy remains were written, “presented by Angelo S——.” Did I remember it? How on earth could I recall every flower I had given away? I laughed inwardly; this I well remember. I had taken them for Helen Clare—she was not at the party, they stained my white kid gloves, it was desirable that I should get rid of them, I presented them to my companion. She regarded

it as a delicate compliment; the act gratified her; with my motives no one has any concern. "Helen Clare," I uttered aloud, unconsciously.

"Have you spoken to her?" asked my companion.

"Spoken! where is she?"

"Sitting opposite," was the answer.

I looked; yes, yes, there she was, somewhat faded, but quiet, serene, lady-like as ever. My heart leaped up wildly as a boy's—dear, dear, Helen Clare, my first, my last, my only love. I sank back with the effort of thinking all this, for I did not speak it. I had not been so excited for years. I arose to speak to her. As I approached I heard her say, "indeed! how very bald and burly." She did not mean me, surely. I need not tell how warmly I shook her by the hand; how glad I was to see her; and how soon we became engaged in delightful converse. She had come again to live in the city; dear Helen Clare, and I could see her and talk with her as of yore. I need not tell, my gentleman readers at least, how every night I carefully brushed my hat and left my domicile.

"What is the matter with Angelo?" asked my sister. "I fear he's getting dissipated; he goes out every night."

"My dear Ann, don't be alarmed: when a man brushes his hat before going out at night, it is an infallible sign he is courting, not dissipating."

"Oh! dear Jane;" and Ann clasped her hands and shrieked. "At his time of life, too; how absurd; and we are so happy here."

"My dear Ann, men are of all created creatures the most foolish. I can stand the courting part, but it makes me sick to see a man of Angelo's years holding on to an

immense bouquet, just like some silly boy. If he must go a courting, let him go, I say, but pray leave the bouquet at home."

"Would, dear Jane, that age brought wisdom, then Angelo would have spared us this trying circumstance."

"Ann, my experience of men is this: they are very wise until they get to a certain age, then they become astonishingly foolish. Angelo has reached the age of folly; we must only be grateful that he is not a widower; for in that case he would be courting some child; a man that has been married once to a woman, generally tries it the second time with a child."

"I could not positively stand *that*," cried Ann; "I am so unused to children."

"Well," answered Jane, "Angelo is certainly courting somebody, somewhere; the brushing of the hat has betrayed him. Sarah Taylor is a woman of vast experience in such matters. She had seven brothers; two brothers passed into matrimony before she learned the mystic meaning of the brushing of the hat; but when William's time came she began to suspect, James made matters clearer, Robert produced a certainty, and, when Edward walked out the first night, after brushing his hat, she said, oracularly, "mother, Eddy is off, let's prepare our wedding dresses."

"O dear, O dear," moaned Ann, "Angelo brushed his hat," and she shrieked again, then relapsed into gloom and silence.

My visits to Helen Clare were constant; again I proposed, again I was rejected. This time I indulged in no heroics, but was quiet and resigned, as it was natural I should be at my time of life. To have been rewarded by her love would have crowned my last days with peaceful content; she thought

fit to leave my constancy unrewarded, from her hands I accept my destiny.

"What ails you?" said my sisters, a few months after this, as I sat silent and abstracted.

I paused, should I tell them? Yes, by their own deep love they could measure the extent of mine. "I this afternoon attended the funeral

of Helen Clare. My sisters, God has taken to himself the only woman I have ever loved, the only one I have ever asked to marry me." They looked at me sadly, in blank amazement. I saw the tears rush to their eyes, but they spake not; in profound silence we sat, our spirits brooding sadly over the mystery of *the one love*.

"There is but one indivisible point that can be the true position from which pictures should be viewed. Some are too near, some too far, too high, or too low. Perspective fixes this point in the art of painting. But what shall fix it in truth and morals."

"There are some men who speak well and do not write well. The reason is that the place, the company, and other causes, excite them, and draw from their minds more than they are capable of without these aids.

"Many truths are contradicted; many errors pass currently without contradiction. It is then no proof of falsity to meet with contradiction; nor is the assent of others proof of our correctness."

"Princes and kings amuse themselves sometimes. They are not always on their thrones; for they would be wearied to death. Greatness must be laid aside, at times, in order to be appreciated."

"It is curious to consider that there are many persons who, after renouncing obedience to the laws of God and of nature, have taken the pains to frame other laws which they obey implicitly; as, for example, robbers."

"The weakness of human reason is more plainly manifest in those who are not aware of this weakness, than in those who know it."

CHURCH'S HEART OF THE ANDES.

It seems to be difficult to arrive at a proper understanding of the merits of this painting. We have seen many notices of it, some evidently written by admirers fresh from the sight of the picture; others as evidently written by critics, who maintained all their critical coolness in front of the painting, and exercised to the full their self-imposed duty of pointing out its faults; for there were men enow to extol its beauties.

Thus far the admirers have carried the day, rather, we must think, because of their number, than of any good reasons they had to offer for admiring. With artists, the admiration of the public is generally received as implying defective art in the object of their applause; and the reason of this seems obvious enough. Men are, for the most part, content to follow any one who has the boldness to go first, and repeat the opinions they do not pretend to understand.

It is well that we should have a reason for the faith that is in us; but whatever the perils of enthusiasm, the perils of a cool, indifferent state of mind when contemplating a work of art, are far greater. We should recall the maxim of one of the greatest critics on art, "*Il faut, surtout se mettre en rapport avec la nature.*" By nature is here meant all that is warm, generous, living, the feeling of intense pleasure in the beauty of the visible world, and the power of swift sympathy with the ideal beauties of the imagination; in a word, the enthusiasm only possible to him who is undebased by contact with the coarse and the sneering.

Mr. Church, it is well known, is an artist of the school of the "Pre-Raphaëlites," now so rapidly increasing, so indisputably the first in point of excellence of existing schools of painting. Among the followers of the Roman and Florentine masters there exists a prejudice against this new school, partly arising from the name they bear, as one covertly injurious to the greatest of painters; but due in a far greater degree to the insolent dogmatism and antagonistic tone characteristic of Ruskin, the great expounder of the Pre-Raphaëlite doctrines. However justly provoked this prejudice, it is by no means rightly directed; the school is in no way responsible for the utterances of the expounder.

Nor is there any antagonism between the art of the great masters and the Pre-Raphaëlite art. They come into collision naturally no more than Greek and Gothic architecture come into collision with each other; there is a sphere for each of them, totally removed from the orbit of the other. Roman and Florentine art seeks, first of all, the Ideal, as by its own nature embracing and illuminating the Real; the principle of this art is that announced by Pliny as the spirit of nature: "*Natura vero, rerum minister et interpres, in omnibus momentis fide caret si quis partes ejus ac non totam complectatur animo.*"

Pre-Raphaëlite art, (and it will be seen at once that this school occupies a lower level than the Roman,) is devoted, above all, to the Real in nature; representing with marvellous accuracy the objects of the material world, in the persua-

sion that absolute fidelity to the models set before us by nature will ensure sympathy with the nature itself. And this might indeed be the case, were not the imaginative power in man quite independent of and superior to the influence of the mere objects in nature; no man can look upon the woods, or the rivers, or the ocean, without seeing far more than forms of matter; there is an expression, a *soul* in every one of these that cannot be ignored; and the omission of that *soul* in any representation of nature is as fatal to true representation as the absence of *expression* in a portrait is fatal to the resemblance. And the best artists of the Pre-Raphaélite school have discovered this; and while they nominally belong to the school, they have virtually abandoned its principles. The works of Cornelius and Millais bear testimony to the progress of this change. The same thing may be observed in the works of Mr. Church. His "Morning among the Andes," a work overlooked in the excitement aroused by his two later pictures, is wonderful for the accuracy of its drawing, the perfection of its botany, and mineralogy; and where the sunlight falls directly, it is dazzlingly reproduced.

But the painting is broken into bits by the want of a harmonious tone in the colouring; the blue of the distance is absolute and unrelieved against the golden-hued peaks and the flushed clouds.—These contrasts seem to exist in nature, and yet they do not exist; the absolute blue melts by indefinable shades, and yet quite perceptibly, into the orange or the crimson hues; the deep shadows of the gorges are not absolute darkness; and the ocular illusion of perspective is a law of nature.

Mr. Church's next great painting, the "Niagara," so justly ad-

mired, has nothing of a "Pre-Raphaélite treatment, except in the elaborate finish of the mosses and grasses on the islands, and the worn, corroded face of the rock; everywhere in the picture is visible the Ideal of the physical nature, so strangely composed of terror and beauty; the vexed struggle of the waters among the rocks, the hurrying race in the channels here and there sheltered by broken masses, the light glimmering and sparkling through the atmosphere and through the unbroken mass of the cataract as it pours down into the gulf; these are all living and real to the imagination. Every feeling soul understands the mystery of Niagara after studying Mr. Church's great painting.

The last painting of this artist, the "Heart of the Andes," is not inferior in power to the "Niagara."

We fear that many critics have approached this work without previous study on the particular subject there treated. It may be said that a painting, and especially a landscape, should tell its own story, even to the most unlearned mind; and, in a superficial sense, the remark is quite correct. A view in the Alps should be easily distinguished from one in the Alleghanies; the bay of Naples should be very unlike the Cove of Cork. But there is a truth to the *peculiar* nature of a landscape far more essential than this distinction by contrast; a landscape truly and poetically represented should be *recognizable in itself*, without reference to other scenes.

No man can fitly paint that of which he is ignorant; no man can fitly understand a painting, the subject of which is known to him but by name. For in the work of a true artist nothing is accidental; he has meditated his thought, breathed his inspiration, lived in

the spirit of his subject, so that every stroke of his pencil is guided by the unerring instinct of a faith in that which he beholds.

To understand the principles, and comprehend the whole meaning of a landscape like the "Heart of the Andes," (a name significantly bestowed,) the imagination must have been filled with ideas of the magnificent forms of nature in the South American continent. We must have lived with Humboldt on the boundless table lands of Ecuador and Bolivia; with him looked down from Chimborazo through the wonderfully clear air on the vegetation of the five zones ranged in order below us; and behold the colossal forms of mountains hundreds of miles away, seemingly at our very side. Intensity of colouring, splendour and depth of light and shadow, profuse luxuriance of forest growth, sublimity of mountain and river scenery not to be found in our latitudes, are the common characteristics of South American landscape. And the purpose of the "Heart of the Andes" is to bring us to the knowledge of these wonders. Mr. Church undertook a task beyond the powers of any but a great artist; and his success is undubitable. It has been said that the composition of the picture is defective; but we have heard no artist offer the objection, nor do we conceive such an objection tenable.

In the background are the snowy summits of the Andes, soaring into the illimitable blue of the heavens, which are pure and transparent;

the shadows lie lightly on the sides of the mountains, leading the eyes downwards to a valley occupying the centre of the picture. This valley, broad and rich, is dotted with villages, and crossed by a stream, whose banks are thickly wooded; midway is a waterfall. The foreground is filled with the gorgeous trees and shrubs of the tropics.

Such, briefly, is an account of the painting. Now wherein is the lack of design in the composition? No better point of view could have been selected, as we believe, for uniting in one landscape the peculiar beauties of the Andean scenery. The valley naturally fills the middle ground, and carries the gaze onward, far away to the shadowy passes, the long range and shining peaks of the mountains.

So excellently is the clearness of the atmosphere given, that we are not for a moment deceived by the distinctness of the nearer mountains into confounding their relative remoteness with that of the more distant summits. Every object appears through the same transparent medium, and we feel that we are in another latitude, and almost in another planet. The deep meaning of nature, its purifying, elevating influences are profoundly felt in the presence of this truly *religious* work of art. Admiration as is the finish of the painting, its design is what we first become conscious of, and that which we remember when at last we reluctantly turn away.

THE ENGINEER'S SONG; OR, THE LAY OF THE LOCOMOTIVE.

1. The Poet speaketh rapturously of his steed, and in his ecstasy, 'manely' imitath Lord Byron, decorating his hobby somewhat after the fashion of Job, with a capillary ornament of vapour, or a storm-cloud.

2. He entreateth the reader not to be afraid of his run-looking nag.

3. Whose tameness, and docility, and good training he vaunteth.

4. He desireth to mount him, and promiseth to show him off.

5. Nathelless—he counsellet the reader to get out of the way, lest harm come of it.

6. He speaketh contemptuously of 'tales,' of other horses, both ancient and modern—

7. But excepteth our Shakespeare's:

8. And concludeth with another burst of exultation.

I.

I love—Oh! how I love to ride
The Iron Horse in his fiery pride;
All other joys seem dull and vain,
When I lay my hand on his misty mane.

II.

Fear him not! with his ribs of steel,
His flaming throat and his crushing wheel;
And his smoky crest, so black and tall—
Like a pillar covered with funeral pall.

III.

Though his stamping shakes the solid ground,
And he scatters fire-flakes all around,
He's gentle as jennet in lady's rein
When he feels my hand on his misty mane.

IV.

Let me astride of the Iron Horse!
Full of fierce fury, speed and force;
And hark how he pants and blows and snorts,
While my skill his eager bounding thwarts.

V.

But when I'm mounted upon his back,
And you see him coming—clear the track!
Nothing can check him in his course,
As he thunders along—my Iron Horse!

VI.

Schiller's poor "Pegasus in the yoke
Was vicious, and proud, and all unbroke,
And the great "Bronze Horse" of Chinese glory
Was only fit for Eastern story,

VII.

Will Shakespeare's palfrey, a splendid steed,
Was a colt of Phæbus' noblest breed;
And Pluto's self would not disdain
My courser with the misty mane.

VIII.

Then huzza! the Iron Horse for me;
The eagle scarce flies as fast as he;
He skims the valley and scours the plain,
And shakes, like a cloud, his misty mane.

IX.

He tracks the prairie, he climbs the hill,
The wild woods echo his neighing shrill;
And when fierce tempests lash the shores,
Louder than even the storm he roars.

SEACLIFF; OR, THE MYSTERY OF THE WESTERVELTS.

BY J. W. DE FORREST.

We are glad to welcome Mr. De Forrest once more. He is one of those genial natures that are always welcome to his friends and to the world as often as they chose to repeat their visits. His last book was a very pleasant work, and the present one will increase his reputation.

Seacliff professes to be a story of American life, and is what it professes to be. It is really American in scenery, incidents and character. It is drawn from nature and observation, and therefore possesses a definiteness and sharpness of outline by no means common among our tellers of stories, whose materials very often consist of a medley of matters, the odds and ends of a vast multitude of tales already told, that hang in a loose, cobweb fashion in the minds of the story tellers. These gentlemen and ladies draw from vague memory, and not from observation. Their narratives are made up, as a Congressman makes up his speeches, when he concocts them from the Congressional debates. This makes all the difference imaginable in the interest of the tale that is told us. The story made up of shreds from remembrance is always vapid. It has no individuality. The tale composed from the sharp insights of personal experience, exercised without or within, on the world or the writer's own heart, is never otherwise than interesting. For this reason it has been said, and said truly, that the narrative of any man's life, however obscure he may be, cannot fail to command attention, if only it be

faithfully told. This fidelity to truth is indispensable. It is this which constitutes the charm, chiefly, of Rousseau's Confessions. We feel that they are truly made. The man's vanity was so inordinate that he saw nothing amiss in his own baseness. It was not from an obtuse moral sense merely. He believed that the lying, knavery, and sensuality of Jean Jaques possessed a charm for the whole world, from their association with his genius. He told everything therefore without reserve. His confessions are realities and not shams. And so in fiction, we want the reality of observation and not the sham of memory. Fancy must be fed with the wholesome, solid food of experience, with what is seen abroad, or felt in one's own heart, and not with its own whipt syllabub only.

Seacliff is a story of observation. We have no doubt that the writer is familiar with the scene described, the shore of Long Island Sound; that his characters are not shadows of recollection or fancy merely, but realities, suggested by existing persons. We do not mean to say that he has drawn portraits of individuals, but that his paintings are originals and not copies. He has seen persons from whom he has taken, in part, his sketches of the kind hearted, weak natured, inefficient father of the Seacliff family; the keen, shrewd, downright grandpapa; the stolid, good tempered gentleman of easy fortune; the fashionable New York coquette; the Pa and Ma Treat; the rascally but polished Somerville. In this,

his gentleman rogue, we can even imagine that the dark moustache, and the long white teeth, that sometimes shine out beneath it, with an unpleasant expression, are not without an original, in whom the same features have been combined with some rascality of character.

The author of *Seacliff* is more observant than is usual, now-a-days, of the unities of time, place and person. The scene is a country seat on the Connecticut shore of Long Island Sound; the time, a few months of summer; the persons, the company assembled for the season. There is no great value perhaps to be attached to any exact observance of the unities, even in a dramatic work, much less in a story. The most popular of our writers pay small attention to them. They transport us to all quarters of the globe, and carry their tales through two or three generations. The story of the "Bertrams" begins in Palestine and ends in London, that of the "Recollections of Geoffry Hamlyn" goes from England to Australia, and back again to England, and reaches from the exploits of the grandfather to those of the grandson. If a writer allows himself any amount of liberty in this matter, we shall not quarrel with him. But, nevertheless, regarding the tale as a work of art, we must believe that what conduces to its unity adds to its excellence. It must assist in giving a vivid impression of probability or reality to the story. The attention of the writer or reader is less distracted. It is not drawn away to matters outside of the tale. They are not entrapped into writing or reading accounts of voyages or journeys, and descriptions of storms or calms, of mountain scenery, or desert wastes, or picturesque outlandish people introduced very often, not to advance the story, but to add to the

bulk of the book, or the number of pages in the magazine serial. We would caution our writer friends from these indulgencies, above all, from consulting Murray's Hand Books for assistance; or, at least, if they do, let them remember that the end gained in such consultations is to increase the size of the tale and not its excellence. From all these sins, whether from his regard to unity, or for whatever cause, the author of *Seacliff* is exempt. The story is told directly and straightforwardly, with a very moderate amount of any sort of padding, either of description, sentiment, moral or philosophical reflection; all of which things, be it observed, however clever or even admirable in themselves, are inadmissible in a story, except so far as they serve to speed its progress, or develope its characters, and even then they must be indulged in to a moderate extent only. The reader otherwise will certainly skip them.

The story begins with a visit of Mr. Fitz Hugh to the *Seacliff* family. The family consists of Mr. and Mrs. Westervelt, their son, a child, and two daughters of Mr. Westervelt by a former marriage. With them are visitors, their cousins, Mr. Van Leer, Mrs. Van Leer, and Robert Van Leer, the brother; Frank Somerville and Frederick William Hunter, the brother of Mrs. Van Leer. Mr. Westervelt, of *Seacliff*, is a feeble man, soft, easy, unsuccessful in trade, buying at high prices and selling at low, a bear when he should be a bull, and *vice versa*, embarrassed, unhappy, timid, and absent for the most part from his family while driving bad speculations in New York; Mrs. Westervelt is a weak, vain woman, with a weary air of constant depression or illness; Miss Mary is a lovely girl of the Madonna type; her sister Genevieve, a wonder of beauty

and expression, haughty, spirited and sparkling; the Van Leers, dull New York men, half dandy, half bear, the natural products of trade in New York in the second generation; Mrs. Van Leer is a fashionable lady, a coquette of the city, willing to tread on the borders of vice, but with no wish to go beyond them; Hunter, a conceited jackanapes with a miraculous power of words divested of ideas; Somerville is a man of fashion, a diner out, the Apollo of tailors, the high priest of Fifth-street mysteries, fancy balls, and private theatricals, and withal an attorney at law.

Fitz Hugh had parted with the family at the summit of the Rhigi, in all its sunrise sublimities, and wishes to renew his European acquaintance with the ladies. He is introduced into the hall by an Irish handmaid of the stereotyped pattern, broad shouldered, short nosed and long armed. Here he waits with the trepidation of a man of twenty-four, who had not yet turned "all his native gold of modesty into current social brass." While he listens with a beating heart and excited ear for the advance of female drapery along the hall, and is examining a picture, with a view to keep cool, his attention is attracted to voices in an adjoining room. There seems to be something amiss in the Westervelt mansion. A man's voice utters coarse threats, which are replied to by a female in a tone of entreaty. There is a rustling sound of collision, the door is opened suddenly, a female appears at it but immediately retreats, and he sees nothing except a plaid silk dress of dead leaf colours. The story is called *Seacliff*, or the *Mystery of the Westervelts*, and here is the mystery. In a very short time Fitz Hugh falls in love with Mary, and determines to penetrate the secret. He takes lodg-

ings in an adjoining house, kept by an honest couple, fair specimens of New England country character. It turns out that the old wife has been the nurse of his childhood, and so Pa and Ma Treat, as he had been used to call them, receive their foster child with great joy. He becomes a daily visitor at the Westervelt mansion; partakes in all their amusements; flirts with Mrs. Van Leer, who is ready to flirt with all the world and the rest of mankind; fishes with the lady's husband and his brother; rides with the young ladies; plays the devil in their tableaux vivants, while Mary performs the part of angel, and Genevieve is a human soul, for whom the powers of light and darkness contend. Fitz Hugh begins to fear that Genevieve is indeed in that unhappy condition, and that Somerville, the witty, elegant, accomplished and fascinating man of the world, is really doing the fiend's part, while there is nothing but the pure and gentle sister, and her influence alone, to oppose him. But no! he sees Mary one day in the identical plaid silk dress of dead leaf colours. It is a dreadful shock to him. He resolves to fly, and calls to say farewell, but discovers, to his infinite joy, that the dress has been only lately hers; that it is a present from another person, and was lately worn by Mary for the first time. Her sister had laughed at her economy in wearing a second-hand dress, and hence the explanation.

The perplexity continues. It becomes evident that Somerville is the male actor in the domestic drama, but who is the unfortunate female? His apprehensions fluctuate from one lady to another. Is it Mrs. Van Leer, the systematic coquette? Is it Mrs. Westervelt? The plaid silk had been her's. This fact is pregnant with terrible meaning.

Somerville goes to New York on a visit, and Fitz Hugh accompanies him. He discovers that Somerville sells laces and jewelry obtained from some one of the ladies. It would seem that having reduced her to utter ruin, he was now preying on the purse of his victim. Fitz Hugh is indignant at the existence of such base villainy, in our beloved country, having thought it a phase of rascality that had not yet travelled across the Atlantic from Europe. Mr. Fitz Hugh evidently had not done justice to the capabilities of our great commercial city, the likeliest place in the world for any vice particularly devilish. Where else are opportunities greater, restraints fewer, crime more frequent, and its defence in courts of law more unscrupulous and unprincipled? If one wants a rascal especially black, New York, surely, is the place to find him. No where on earth are the public prints so vile, scattering filth and nasty revelations far and wide, and polluting the very fountain of pure morals. In one of these receptacles of nauseating dirt that distort and disease the public mind, from the Tribune down, or up, as the parties may consider it, Fitz Hugh at last finds a clue to the mystery. Somerville inserts in one of them a paragraph which, under a thin veil, slanders the matron of the Seacliff family. Fitz Hugh finds in the sub-editor an old acquaintance, and is able to trace the author of the scandal. His doubts are solved. Mrs. Westervelt is the guilty woman.

Fitz Hugh prospers in his courtship. Mystery or no mystery, he resolves to share the fortunes of the family. Mary is an angel, at any rate, and anything else is of small importance. He is accepted by the lady, by the grandpapa,—solid as granite,—and by the father, unstable as water. Soon after, rumours

in New York reach the ears of Westervelt, senior. He writes to Fitz Hugh, as to the accepted son of the family, denouncing Somerville as a rascal, and demands his expulsion from the household in the most summary fashion. This brings on the catastrophe. The villain is unmasked. The poor lady is exposed. She makes a full confession, but not of the sort which we had been cunningly led by the writer to suppose. The crime of the poor, weak, vain woman was, not an intrigue, but a forgery. She had been persuaded by Somerville, her attorney at the time, to forge her uncle's will, and secure his property to herself. Some letters written by her in reference to the subject had been kept by Somerville as a terror hanging over her whole life, and the means of continued extortion. The unfortunate lady's dreadful excitement leads to a partial insanity. Somerville seeks an interview with her, the ensuing night, in the garden, to ascertain the extent of the shipwreck. She stabs him in her frenzy, and drowns herself in the adjoining creek.

We have given the tale's brief outline. It is filled up with clever description, shrewd remark, pleasant dialogue, sometimes lively and witty, sometimes grave, always indicative of character, as dialogue ought to be, and not, as it often is, in Dumas' novels for example, or in "Counterparts," the latest specimen of the kind we have seen, where it drags on a wearisome mass of wishy-washy chit chat and meaningless gossip. It has been said of the speeches in the Illiad that we can ascribe each of them to the speaker without looking to see who is making it. This is the test by which to determine whether a writer comes up to the requisitions of his art, and we think our author need not fear to be tried by it.

The characters of Seacliff, as we have intimated, are drawn from nature, and are clearly defined. That of Ma Treat is particularly happy throughout. We give one passage as an illustration. Her grandson Johnny has found a ring belonging to the family, and she visits the house with him to restore it: "With a brief but solemn courtesy, at the same time ducking Johnny's head with her hand, Ma Treat entered the veranda. 'Good evening, Mrs. Westervelt; and good evening young ladies; and good evening to you, Mr. Fitz Hugh,' said the nice old person, with something of a bashful flutter in her voice. I handed her a chair, for which she thanked me as formally as if we were perfect strangers. She was evidently a trifle more embarrassed than she meant to be in the presence of quality, and needed that counsel with regard to a stiff upper lip, which Mr. Henry Van Leer was accustomed to dispense among his acquaintance. Miss Westervelt put her a little more at her ease, by calling up Johnny and treating him to the hospitality of sugar plums

'Much obliged to ye, Miss Mary, though I seldom allow him to eat 'em, because they are so bad for the stomach,' said Ma Treat. 'Johnny tell her much obliged, and make a bow.'

Johnny gave vent to an inarticulate mutter of gratitude, and made a bow from the nape of his neck upward. * * *

'Really, it is so hard to teach these young ones manners,' observed Ma Treat. 'If manners were vouchsafed them as freely as appetites, what a mercy it would be! But this ain't what I came here to say, Mrs. Westervelt. I suppose you're kind of surprised to see me here, now.'

'Surprised! dear me! no Mrs. Treat. It seems quite natural to see

you here. I am delighted that you have made us a call, really.'

'Well I am obleeged to you, to be sure. But I didn't exactly come to make you a call, nuther. Perhaps you have lost something valuable lately, some of you ladies.'

'Lost! oh! now Mrs. Treat, you have found my emerald,' exclaimed Genevieve.

With a look of vast pleasure and consequence, Ma Treat drew out of her pocket a small white handkerchief, rather coarse but clean, untied a corner of it in silence, and held up, between her thumb and forefinger, a handsome emerald ring."

Genevieve receives the ring with joy, and inquires where it was found. Johnny, his grandmother replied, had picked it up in the way to the shore, and, not knowing whose it was, "he ran right to his granma with it, for he is a good little boy. Here she checked herself, and added in a glum voice meant to bring down Johnny's spiritual pride—'*sometimes* he is a good boy, not *always*.'

'Oh Johnny, come here Johnny,' said Mrs. Westervelt, dulcetly, 'I must make you a present.'

She drew a port-monnaie from her pocket; but Mrs. Treat waved Johnny back with proud resolution.

'No, I thank you, mum,' she said, 'I'd rather not, mum. He's our little boy, and we've taught him not to take coppers from nobody.'

Mary Westervelt seized the port-monnaie, picked out a quarter eagle, and handed it to the juvenile behind her.

'Oh, Miss Mary! Well, you do come round a person so,' said Ma Treat, supposing the piece was sixpence or a shilling. 'Well, I reckon he must have it. Johnny, say much obliged and make a bow, and you may kiss Miss Mary's hand, too, I guess.'

Here the conference is interrupted by the inroad of young Master Westervelt, who is resolved to see Gramma Treat and Johnny, with whom he had long been on friendly terms. He is so much elated by the kind reception of Gramma Treat, that he volunteers to tell her a story. Certain of an appreciative audience, "the young improvisatore struck out boldly, 'Once there was two fools—'

'Well, that's like enough, any how,' observed Ma Treat, cheerfully, '*fools make a mock at sin,*' Proverbs, fourteenth, ninth; and there's crowds of such, I'm afraid. Go on, little man.'

'Once there was two fools,' resumed Willie; 'one was a man, and the other was a woman; and they got married.'

'Dear me! what awful fools,' laughed Mrs. Van Leer; * *

'They could not help getting married, it was *ordained*; and they had some children, and all the children were fools,' the infant went on.

'He that begetteth a fool doth it to his sorrow; Proverbs, twentieth, twenty-first,' quoted Ma Treat.

Willie's story ended tragically. The parents died, the children died also of starvation.

'Dear me! dear me!' exclaimed the good woman, 'that's an awful story, to be sure. Verily, fools die for want of wisdom; Proverbs, tenth, twenty-first.'

'But how on earth did the child get hold of that *ridiculous* idea of foreordination?' broke in Mrs. Van Leer.

'I told him that, if *you* please, mum,' returned Ma Treat, with severity. 'I instructed him in that blessed doctrine, mum; and a great comfort I believe it will be to him, mum. Ridiculous, or what not, it's in the Bible, mum, and *you* can't get it out. For, there were certain

men who were before, of old, *ordained* to this condemnation; (Jude, fourth,) and as many as were *ordained* to eternal life, believed; Acts, thirteenth, forty-eighth. I told him whatever is to be, Providence ordains that it shall be; and I say, amen! mum; and I'm very glad the little cretur agrees to it, if his elders don't.'

Mr. De Forest looks on nature and her adjuncts with the eye of a poet. His descriptions are not second-hand. He loves the shore and sheet of Long Island Sound, as he might himself phrase it. They are familiar friends. Here is his description of the site and house of Seacliff. "It stood * * * crowning a bluff, which pointed sharply upon the narrow area of ocean called Long Island Sound. The grounds, varied and full of character by Nature's gift, gaily toned with bright hillocks and little dells of shadow, or wrought into stronger relief of *ledge and leafage*, were well adapted to the modern style of landscape gardening, after which they had lately been remodeled. There was no reflection here of Versailles vandalism, laid out stiff and stark by grim undertaker Le Notre. * * The dwelling, itself was far from worthy of an environment so tasteful. * * * It was one of those mock Parthenons, beloved of our fathers thirty years ago; a temple of brick and mortar, coated over with stucco, veined and lined in shabby imitation of marble; breaking out towards the South in a staring, shameless pediment and Ionic columns which shaded Yankee windows; and flanked on either side by modern wings built solely for convenience, in abrupt disregard of the sham classicism of the edifice. * * * Partial amends were made for these absurdities by the beautiful outlook of the house, standing as it did on a prominent

turfy hillock, and facing the mid-day sun, the shining sheet of the Sound, and, far away, the green and yellow belts of the Long Island shore.

We have seen these Parthenons of parlors, chambers, and cooking departments sometimes of wood, sometimes of brick, all holding the same relation to the Grecian temple they were intended to imitate, that the grotesque and disproportioned philanthropy of the same region bears to Christian charity."

In another place our author says:

"I turned and strolled around the Seacliffe house, surveying the classic ugliness now etherialized into some resemblance of beauty by moonlight; wandered through the perfumed alleys of the garden, and finally halted on the turfey forehead of the bluff. * * * I seated myself on a narrow shelf of stone, which formed the brink of the precipice, swung my legs over, and feasted my eyes on the still, star-spangled sheet of the Sound. The air was *summer soft*, and I remained there an hour, tranquilized by the gentle magic of calm night."

We have marked two phrases with Italics, as not in exact conformity, in our judgment, with the general beauty of the description, or the simplicity of pure taste. The expressions, "*ledge and leafage*," and "*summer soft*," are phrases too trim and angular. They savour a little of dandyism, which is quite as offensive in style as in dress or manner. They are departures from nature very like those which are imputed to Le Notre, and remind us, at once, of lawns shaven with the scythe, and levelled with the roller, and of plants cut into artificial forms by the perverted ingenuity of the gardener.

The turn which the confession of the lady takes in the conclusion of the story seems to us to be judicious.

We should have preferred a less tragic termination than murder and suicide. The very fact that they are so common in the world of reality would induce us to exclude them from our world of fiction, to which we turn always for comfort and refreshment. The poor lady, who is rather simple and unfortunate than vicious, might have broke a blood vessel in her distress, or fallen into a state of idiocy for life. Insanity and its convulsive energies are too strong a phase of existence for her feeble nature. Somerville might have been consigned, we think, with better effect to the Penitentiary and hard labour. Perhaps Mr. De Forest believes that this would have been an outrage on all probability or possibility. It might be even a far less violation of the laws of either, to represent Somerville as converted to a pious life, occupying a pulpit and surpassing Mr. Beecher in eloquence and the odour of sanctity, than to tell us that a member of the New York bar, plausible and ingenious, with money and friends, and all the dirty journals of the city to back him, could be sent by any possible exertion of law or its courts, to a place intended for the punishment of friendless and shiftless rogues only. If so, we yield to our author's better judgment. We yield under any circumstances. His termination of the tale is impressive perhaps, and acceptable to the general taste. Ours may be too sober, and may have a tinge too much of drab or dead leaf colours.

We have not indulged in large quotations from Seacliff, because we are sure that it will be read by all our readers. It has the grand virtue of a good story; the interest is well kept up, and it must therefore command attention.

Mr. De Forrest cannot fail to succeed as a writer of fiction. He

has strong sense, a clear insight into character, wit, humour, and a poetic eye for nature. He does not overdraw, nor exaggerate and distort, and involve us in a dreary waste of morbid sentiment, or preternatural passion. He tells his love story gently and sweetly, as a love story ought to be told, and is happy in his delineation of female character, one of the best tests of a man's capacity and calling for the novel department of letters.

"There is no shame but in having none. Nothing more plainly shows a strange feebleness of mind than the inability to understand the unhappiness of a man without God. Nothing more clearly indicates an extreme baseness of heart than the not desiring the truth of the eternal promises. Nothing is more cowardly than to play the brave against God. Let us leave then these impieties to those who are so badly constituted as to be really capable of them. Let us be honest men at least, if we cannot be Christians; in fine, let us recognize that there are but two classes of persons who may be called reasonable; either those who serve God with all their heart, because they know him; or those who are seeking him with all their heart because they do not yet know him."

"Those who judge of a work by rules are, with respect to others, like those who have a watch, compared with those who have none. One says, we have been here two hours; another, we have been here only three quarters of an hour. I look at my watch and say to the one, you are weary; to the other, time flies with you; it is an hour and a half that you have spent here; and I pay no attention to those who say that time is heavy on me, and that I judge capriciously; for they do not know that I judge by my watch."

"Faith well utters what sense cannot express; but never what is contrary to sense. It is above common sense but not opposed to it."

"In eloquence there should be both the agreeable and the true; but the agreeable should also be true."

THE ACTRESS IN HIGH LIFE: AN EPISODE IN WINTER QUARTERS.

CHAPTER XI.

Led with delight they thus beguile the way,
 When weening to return whence they did stray,
 They cannot find that path, which first was showne,
 But wander to and fro in ways unknown,
 Furthest from end then, when they nearest weene,
 That makes them doubt their wits be not their own,
 So many paths, so many turning scene,
 That which of them to take in diverse doubt they been.

[*Faerie Queene.*]

The party mustered early the next morning to continue their journey, and after breakfast L'Isle called for the inn keeper to pay him his bill. This worthy, acting on the natural supposition that the English had come into the country to indemnify the Portuguese for their losses at the hands of the French, at once named the round sum of sixty *crusados*. On L'Isle's looking surprised, he begun to run over so long a list of articles furnished, and items of trouble given, that L'Isle, who was annoyed at the interruption of an agreeable conversation with Lady Mabel, was about to pay him in full to get rid of him, when Shortridge peremptorily interfered. The demand was extortionate and aroused his indignation. Perhaps he looked upon the fellow as usurping a privilege belonging peculiarly to the commissary's own brotherhood. He abused the man roundly in very bad Portuguese, and insisted that L'Isle should pay him but half the sum.

The inn keeper, a dark, sallow man, with a vindictive countenance, glared on him as if fear alone withheld him from replying with his knife. When he found his tongue, he began to answer with a bitter-

ness that was fast changing into uncontrollable rage; but the commissary, who was a master in the art of bullying, cut him short.

"This fellow," said he, addressing L'Isle, but still speaking Portuguese, "has three fine mules in his stable. I shall need a great many beasts to carry corn to Elvas, and will apply to the *Juiz de Fora* to embargo them among the first."

The inn keeper turned as pale as his golden skin permitted at the bare suggestion. The French had made a similar requisition on him four years ago, and when he followed his cattle to reclaim them after the required service, he had got only sore bones and a broken head for his pains.

"You may do as you please in that matter," said L'Isle, throwing on the table half the sum demanded, and leaving their host to swallow his anger, and take it up, if he pleased.

The muleteer, having come in for the baggage, on finding out the nature of the controversy, now poured out a flood of vociferous eloquence on the extortioner, denouncing him as a disgrace to the nation, and no true Portuguese, but a New Christian, as might be seen in his face; and he was urgent with Shortridge to let him show him the way to the house of the *Juiz de Fora* without loss of time.

L'Isle's commanding air and contemptuous indifference overawed the inn keeper quite as much as Shortridge's threats. So, sweeping the money into his pocket, he went out hastily to find a safe and secret hiding place for his mules.

"Pray," said Lady Mabel to L'Isle, while they were waiting for their horses, "what is a New Christian?"

"The explanation of the term does not tell well in the history of the country," said he. "When Ferdinand and Isabella expelled the Jews from Spain, many of them took refuge here, where John II. gave them shelter, on condition that they should quit the kingdom in a limited time. This king endeavoured to keep faith with them. Nevertheless, in his and the following reign, they were subjected to unceasing persecutions, being required to become Christians, or leave the country; at the very time every obstacle was put in the way of their escape. At length their children were taken from them to be reared in the Christian faith, and numbers abjured Judaism in order to recover possession of their own offspring. But such a conversion failed not to furnish for many a generation a crowd of hapless inmates for the 'Tremendous House of the Inquisition' in every town. Even in the last century, no diversion delighted the Lisbon mob like the burning of a relapsed Jew. The usage of them of old still influences the condition of the country, and the term New Christian is yet a by-word common in the mouths of people."

"We certainly see a great many Jewish faces among the Portuguese Christians," said Mrs. Shortridge.

"So the great Marquis de Pom-bul thought," L'Isle answered; "for when a great crowd had assembled to see him open a fountain he had erected in Lisbon, on a courtier's saying, 'See, my Lord, like Moses, you make water flow from the rock!' 'Yes,' replied the Marquis, 'and here are the Jews looking at me.'"

"And our host," said Mrs. Shortridge, "is doubtless one of these New Christians."

"But has the commissary," Lady

Mabel asked, "a right to make the requisition with which he threatens him?"

"Not on his own authority," said L'Isle, laughing. "But these people would well deserve that we should sweep off every mule and yoke of oxen around Evora. Last year when we were collecting materials for the siege of Badajoz, the ungrateful rascals would not send a single cart to help us."

"Why, were we not fighting their battles?" Lady Mabel exclaimed. "Would they not assist in their own defence?"

"Badajoz is not within sight of Evora, and that was enough for these short-sighted patriots."

"Has such blind selfishness a parallel?" asked Lady Mabel.

"Many," said L'Isle. "We may at times find one at home, in the wisdom of a whig ministry, which consists in taking a microscopic view of the wrong side of things just under their noses."

They now mounted their horses, and leaving the *praça*, had entered on a narrow and somewhat crooked street, where they suddenly met a funeral procession, with its priests, crucifix and tapers, the dead being carried by several persons on a bier, and followed by a few peasants. The travellers drew up their horses close to the adjacent wall, to leave room for the procession. The face of the dead was uncovered as usual, and the friar's dress, which clothed the body, with the rosaries and other paraphernalia displayed about his person, led Lady Mabel to say, "I see that one of the good fathers is gone to his account."

"He will now find out," said Moodie, "the worth of his beads, crucifix and holy water."

"I am surprised," said Lady Mabel, "at so unpretending a funeral, in the case of a member of the great order of St. Francis."

L'Isle asked a question of a Portuguese standing near, and then said, "the cowl does not make the monk, nor must you infer from his dress that this man was a friar. He lived all his life a peasant in a neighbouring village."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Lady Mabel.

"Almost every one," said L'Isle, as they turned to ride on their way, "here and throughout the Peninsula, is buried in a religious habit—the men in the uniform of friars, the women dressed like pilgrims, and the girls like nuns. They are loaded with a freight of rosaries, *agni dei*, and other saintly jewelry, fastened to the neck, hands and feet, and stuffed into the clothes. Convents have often a warehouse appropriated to this posthumous wardrobe, in the sale of which they drive a profitable trade. It was a most natural mistake made by a stranger, who, after being a few weeks at Madrid, and seeing so many Franciscans interred, expressed his astonishment at the prodigious number of them in the city, and asked if their order was not entirely carried off by this violent epidemic."

"I suppose," said Lady Mabel, "the custom originated in the propensity so strong in us all to live sinners and die saints."

"Exactly so," L'Isle answered. "It is a fraudulent custom, old as the fifth century, and common in Popish countries. It is nothing less than an attempt to cheat St. Peter, who, you know, keeps the keys of heaven, by knocking at the gate in the disguise of a monk or a friar."

"I have too much faith in St. Peter's vigilance and penetration," said Mrs. Shortridge, "to think he has ever been so taken in."

They presently got out of the city, but, to Moodie's displeasure, by a gate opposite to that by which they had entered it. He was still more

annoyed when, on coming to a place where the road branched into two, the commissary took a brief though kindly leave of his wife and friends, and, followed by his man, galloped off to the right, on a professional chase after grain and bullocks.

L'Isle was surprised to find himself regretting the loss of their fellow traveller. He had found him, always remembering that he was a commissary, a very good fellow; for we can find some good in every man, if we take the trouble to look for it; and Shortridge was one who, after taking care of himself, was quite willing to take care of other people.

But L'Isle's regret was nothing to Moodie's, whose habits of life led him to appreciate the nature and importance of the commissary's official duties. He valued him as a practical, responsible man of business, with no foolish fancies about him. He admired the summary way in which he had disposed of the extortionate inn-keeper, and now looked after him almost in despair; for he did not think the party left behind by any means fit to take care of themselves or each other. L'Isle he did not understand and mistrusted, doubting whether he were merely idly rambling about the country, or harboured some covert design, the object of which was Lady Mabel, of course.

"My Lady," said he, riding up beside her, and speaking in an under tone, "this is not the road we travelled coming from Elvas. Where are you going to now?"

Remarking his dissatisfied air, and the look of suspicion he cast on L'Isle, she answered with provoking coolness, "oh, we are merely rambling about; any road is the right one, if it but leads to a new place."

"But now the commissary has

left us, do you not mean to go back to Elvas?"

"In returning we will make a detour."

"And what is a detour?" asked Moodie with a puzzled air.

"It means going back the longest way. We have plenty of leisure, for the campaign will not open directly."

"I would like to know what you, my Lady, have to do with the opening of the campaign."

"A great deal, and so have you; for as soon as it does open, you and I must march back to Scotland."

"I wish it were to-morrow," said Moodie.

"It will not be to-morrow, or to-morrow's morrow," Lady Mabel answered. "Meanwhile, we will see all that is to be seen, and learn all that is to be known. Even you, by crowding and packing more closely your old notions, may find room for a few new ones."

"I am too old to learn," said Moodie, sullenly.

"Too wise, you mean," she said, breaking off from him. "Come, Mrs. Shortridge, let me tear you from this barren spot, to which grief has rooted you on parting from the commissary;" and seizing that lady's mule by the rein, Lady Mabel led her, as if helpless from sorrow, after the guide who had taken the left-hand road.

"Somewhere hereabouts," L'Isle remarked, as they rode on, "lies what is called the field of Sertorius. I know not why it is so named; but it figures largely in the tradition, and yet more in the superstitions of the country. There exists in Portugal a strange superstition concerning King Sebastian, whose reappearance is as confidently expected by many of the Portuguese, as the coming of the Messiah by the Jews. The rise and progress of this belief forms a curious part of their history.

It began in hope, when the return of that prince, after his hapless expedition to Morocco, and the fatal battle of *Alcaçor Quiber*, was not only possible, but might have been considered likely; it was fostered by the policy of the Braganzan party after all reasonable hope had ceased; and length of time only served to ripen it into a confirmed and rooted superstition, which even the intolerance of the Inquisition spared, for the sake of the loyal and patriotic feelings in which it had its birth. The holy office never interfered farther with the sect, than to prohibit the publication of its numerous prophecies, which were suffered to circulate in private. For many years the persons who held this strange opinion had been content to enjoy their dream in private, shrinking from observation and ridicule; but as the belief had begun in a time of deep calamity, so now, when a heavier evil had overwhelmed the kingdom, it spread beyond all former example. Their prophecies were triumphantly brought to light, for only in the promises which were there held out could the Portuguese find consolation; and proselytes increased so rapidly, that half Lisbon became Sebastianists. The delusion was not confined to the lower orders; it reached the educated classes; and men who had been graduated in theology became professors of a faith which, announced that Portugal was soon to be the head of the Fifth and Universal Monarchy; Sebastian was speedily to come from the Secret Island; the Queen would resign the sceptre into his hands; he would give Bonaparte battle near Evora, on the field of Sertorius, slay the tyrant, and become monarch of the world."

"And this superstition now prevails?" Lady Mabel asked.

"So widely, that at least every other man you meet is a Sebastianist."

As they rode on they found the country dotted over with *quinas* or country houses, here called *montes*, from being generally seated on hills. Around each homestead the meagre and tame hued olive was mingled with the deep rich green of the orange tree, which here produces its fruit in the greatest perfection of flavour, at least, if not of size, and a vineyard occasionally occupied the slope of the hill. The lower grounds were covered with extensive corn fields, bearing here a thriving growth of wheat, there a young crop of maize, which furnishes these people with more than half their food.

"The Portuguese," said L'Isle, "like their Spanish neighbours, are often charged with indolence; but here and elsewhere, under favourable circumstances, they show no want of industry. The husbandman of this part of Alentijo has grown rich in spite of the greatest obstacle to thrift, which the church has raised up in devoting more than half the year to holy days. Good lands are apt to make good farmers, and labour and skill well repaid, leads to the outlay of more labour and greater skill."

"We see around us a people," said Lady Mabel, "revelling in the Scripture blessings of corn, wine and oil. I think there must be no little resemblance between Portugal and Palestine."

"The Jews thought and think so, too," answered L'Isle. "They cling and still cling to it as another promised land. Moreover, if their fathers of old longed after the leeks and onions of Egypt, their sons may satisfy that longing here."

"And stuff themselves with garlic to boot, like a Portuguese sausage," said Mrs. Shortridge. "The quantity of these things in it leaves little room for the pork."

The travellers occasionally fell in

with peasants singly, or in parties on the road; and L'Isle, prompted by the ladies, let few of them pass without exchanging some words, which were easily drawn out; for English uniforms, and ladies so evidently foreigners, excited much curiosity, especially in the women. Struck with the air of comfort common among these people, and the marks of fertility and cultivation in the country around them, Lady Mabel hoped that Moodie had at last met with something to please him; so she asked the opinion of that high authority on the rural prospect and the farming around them. But he at once condemned it as unskilful, wasteful and slovenly; in short just what was to be looked for in this benighted land.

"What a pity it is, Moodie, you cannot speak Portuguese," said Lady Mabel; "you might seize many a chance of giving these benighted people a valuable hint, particularly how to ferment their wine and press their olives."

"I am sure," replied Moodie, "I could make as sour wine and rancid oil as the best of them, and they make no other."

"You are a fault-seeking traveller," said Lady Mabel, "and so will find nothing to please you, while I enjoy all around me, and see nothing to find fault with, except the abominable custom of the women riding astride on their *burras*."

"Nay, my Lady, the country pleases me well enough. The pasturage is poor and parched, yet the oxen are fine in spite of their monstrous horns; and I see corn land that might yield good oats or barley in Scotland. The land is well enough; it is the people I find fault with."

"Moodie's verdict on Portugal," said L'Isle, "can be summed up in four little words, '*Bona terra, mala gens*.'"

"What pleasure," continued Moodie, not heeding the interruption, "can a Christian man find in travelling in a land where the people grovel in ignorance, and a besotted superstition, which manifests that God has given them over to a reprobate heart. I cannot speak their language; I can only look on their wanderings in the dark, and think of the wrath to come."

"And so here is a missionary lost!" Mrs. Shortridge exclaimed.

"But according to Moodie's favourite dogma," said L'Isle, "were he gifted with the purest and most eloquent Portuguese, he could be to this people only a prophet of evil. You say that they are given over to a state of reprobation. Do you, like a great English philosopher, believe in election and reprobation by nations?"

"Not exactly; nor do I know anything of your English philosopher; but since I have been among these people, I have seen much to lead my thoughts that way. And we have example for it. Had not God his chosen people of old? And the nations of Canaan, were they not swept off as utterly reprobate, from the face of the earth?"

"And now," suggested L'Isle, wishing to know the old man's views, "election is for the Scotch nation, and reprobation for the Portuguese?"

"I do not say that all Scotchmen, even in the Kirk, are of the elect."

"No," interposed Lady Mabel. "You misconstrue Moodie. He holds a particular election within the Kirk, and a nation reprobation outside of it."

"I am afraid, my Lady, it is not given to you to understand that high doctrine. It is ordered that the blessing and the comprehension of it go hand in hand."

"I must despair then, for I certainly do not comprehend it. In

truth, the tenour of your discourse calls up in my mind the involuntary doubt, did this people first desert God, or God them? But I trample it down as a snare laid by the evil one."

"We are in a land where the evil one bears full sway," said Moodie.

"Yet you have voluntarily put yourself in purgatory by coming to travel in it," said Lady Mabel. "But you have your consolation, and may give thankful utterance to the words of our Scotch poet:

I bless and praise thy matchless might,
Whan thousands thou has left in night,
That I am here afore thy sight
For gifts an' grace,
A burning and a shining light
To a' this place."

"I do not know that psalmist, if in truth he be a maker of spiritual songs," said Moodie, with a doubtful air.

"He did dabble a little in psalmody," said Lady Mabel, "but I doubt whether his attempts would satisfy you. How like you this sample:

'Orthodox, orthodox, who believe in
John Knox,
Let me sound an alarm to your conscience;
There's a heretic blast has been blown
in the West,
That what is not sense must be non-sense.

Calvin's sons, Calvin's sons, load your
spiritual guns,
Ammunition you never can need;
Your hearts are the stuff, will be powder
enough.
And your skulls are store-houses o'
lead."

"Tis that profane, lewd fellow, Burns," exclaimed Moodie, angrily. "He did worse than hide his ten talents in a napkin. I wonder, my Lady, you defile your mouth with his scurrilous words."

"I have done with him," said Lady Mabel, laughing. "He was a profane, lewd fellow, far better at pointing out other men's errors than reforming his own."

Moodie now fell back among the servants; and L'Isle remarked, "your old squire, Lady Mabel, holds an austere belief. I never met a man so confident of his own salvation and of the damnation of others."

"He reminds me," Mrs. Shortridge said, "of a dissenting neighbour of ours, when we lived in London, who was always saying, 'I am called, but my wife is not,' much to the poor woman's disquiet in this world, if not to the hazard of her happiness in the next."

"The old man puzzles me sadly at times," said Lady Mabel; "and he has at hand many a text to sustain his dogmas."

"It is a pity," said L'Isle, "that he will not bear in mind those that bid us 'Judge not that ye be not judged;' 'Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall;' 'Unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall much be required;' and many others of the same tenour."

"Pray go on," said Lady Mabel, "and provide me with a refutation of Moodie's theology of destiny; not that I hope to silence him, for controversy is to him the breath of life."

Now L'Isle had acquired many things laboriously, but he had gotten his training in divinity somewhat incidentally, and hesitated, as well he might, to undertake the task imposed. But spurred on by Lady Mabel's confidence, and his wish to serve and assist her, he said: "I cannot for the life of me distinguish between fatalism and predestination. Either binds us with the same chain of necessity, in thought, word and deed, from the cradle to the grave. To escape this charge, fanaticism can only add a few links to the chain of necessitating cause, and tell you it is necessity no longer. Now, our most perfect conception of sin is found in a will which sets itself in opposition to God's will. This is

the characteristic of the father of evil and his fallen hosts. Our highest idea of virtue is found in the creature's conforming his will to that of his maker; this is the trait of the angels who were steadfast in their faith. How can you here couple fatality and will? If ours be a state of probation, it is only by a certain freedom of action, an originating power of causation in ourselves, that we can conceive of our being put to proof. Possibly, in fallen man, that freedom is limited to the power of rejecting or yielding to the influences of grace. Yet within that narrow range it may be still a perfect freedom. God said, 'let us make man in our image and after our likeness,' and this likeness between the 'cause of causes' and his creature, may well consist in man's being endowed with a spark from the Creator's nature, gifted with an originating will, and made a source of causes in himself. To say that this may not be, were to limit the power of God."

"Most assuredly," said Lady Mabel, who was on this point easily convinced. "I shall now be ready armed for Moodie, when next he broaches his dogma of predestination. But will he listen, much less understand?"

"If his dogma be a truth," continued L'Isle, encouraged by her approbation, "to know it, or any other revealed truth, can avail us nothing; for our knowledge, itself a predestined fact, cannot influence our preordained condition here or hereafter. On the other hand, if the doctrine be misunderstood or false, it is most dangerous; there being but a short step between believing it and applying it, presumptuously, in our own favour, and adversely to our neighbour. We are ever more successful in deceiving ourselves than others; and to indulge in the belief that we are the chosen of God, may

be only less dangerous than a conviction of our utter reprobation."

"For my part," said Lady Mabel, "I can appeal yet more confidently to my feelings than my reason, for a refutation of the doctrine Moodie has so often urged upon me. I feel within me a capacity to be as wicked as I please, if fear and reverence did not withhold me."

"And I, as your duenna," said Mrs. Shortridge, "prohibit any such frank admissions of propensity to evil in a young lady under my charge."

"Why, will you not let me make a Christian confession of the sinfulness of my nature? It were indeed heresy to claim an equal capacity for good. There I acknowledge the need of aid from above."

"And that aid is not compulsion," said L'Isle, "as every page of Scripture testifies. There is something strangely illogical in the reasoning of those who, starting from the point, that what has been decreed by God is as good as done, and the future as fixed as the past, thence exhort us to plead, because the decree has gone forth; to run in the race, because the victor has been chosen, and the prize adjudged; to strive, because the battle has been fought; and to repent and be saved, because our final destiny was decided before time was. Surely, if this life have any bearing on another, we are running a race, the issue of which is undecided until death; and ours is a real struggle, not merely the acting out of a foregone conclusion, not the dramatic representation of a past event."

The ladies were still complimenting L'Isle on his refutation of Moodie's tenets, so obnoxious to their own convictions, when they met a peasant trudging along, *cujado* in hand, with the small end of which he occasionally enlivened the motions of an ass toiling under a heavy

sack of grain. The muleteer stopped him to enquire where they might find water for their animals in this thirsty land. The peasant pointed back to a thicket near the road, and said: "I would have watered my own beast there, but for the company I would have fallen among." He then went on his way, and they rode to the spot pointed out, where among the oleander and buckthorn bushes they found a puddle rather than a spring, so well had it been lately stirred up. A gang of eight or nine vagrants, who had been munching their crusts and *sardinhas* in the shade, now sprung up, and placing themselves between the travellers and the water, vociferously demanded alms. To rid themselves of this motley troop, L'Isle and Mrs. Shortridge threw each of them a small coin. They were not so easily satisfied, but thrusting themselves among the horses, continued to rival each other in whining petitions and abjurations of their favourite saints. Lady Mabel, who had emptied her purse of small coin the evening before, now entreated Moodie to let this second opportunity of alms-giving, so manifestly sent for his benefit, soften his stony heart. But he shook his head grimly, saying: "If they are strong enough to travel, they are strong enough to work; and work they shall, or starve, before they touch a penny of mine!"

L'Isle's short tempered groom, availing himself of the impatience of a thirsty horse, now turned his about, at once spurring and reining him in, which made him lash out his heels at the intruders near him. The other steeds seemed to catch this infectious restiveness, and the beggars were driven to a safer distance. Their horses now could drink in peace of the water stirred up and muddied by their mendi-

cant friends, whom they presently left behind them, without further heeding their continued and vociferous appeals. One stout ragged fellow put himself in their way, and displayed to their eyes a flaming picture, painted on a board, depicting the torments of the souls in purgatory. But the travellers were in a hurry, and unmoved at the sight, left the souls in unmitigated tortures there.

"What we have just seen," said L'Isle to the ladies, "may convince you that beggars are a formidable class in this country. They ramble about, and infest every place, not entreating charity but demanding it. They often assemble at night in hordes, at the best country house they can find, and taking up their abode in one of the out-buildings, call for whatever they want, like travellers at an inn; and here they claim the right of tarrying three days if they like it. When a gang of these sturdy fellows meet a traveller on the highway, he must offer them money; and it sometimes happens that the amount of the offering is not left to his own discretion. St. Anthony assails him on one side, St. Francis on the other. Having satisfied their clamour in behalf of these favourite saints, he is next attacked for the honour of the Virgin, and thus they rob him for the love of God."

"I wonder," Mrs. Shortridge said, "the nation tolerates such a nuisance."

"There are laws for its abatement," answered L'Isle. "John III. and Sebastian both warred against the beggars. A law of the sixteenth century ordains that the lame should learn the trade of a tailor or shoemaker, the maimed serve for subsistence any who will employ them, and the blind, for food and raiment, give themselves to the labours of the forge, by blow-

ing the bellows. But we see how the law is enforced. These men behind us are neither lame, halt, nor blind, but truly represent the sturdy vagrants with whom Queen Bess's statute dealt so roughly—with what result? It is but the ancestor of a long line of laws which load our statute books, and have built up our poor law system, merely substituting for one evil another which burdens the country like an incubus, and, vulture-like, is eating out its entrails."

"We have no such national institution for the breeding of beggars in Scotland," said Moodie, from behind.

"Is it because Scotland is too poor to maintain paupers?" inquired Mrs. Shortridge.

"It is because it is not natural for a Scotchman to be a beggar," replied Moodie, with patriotic pride.

"We cannot carry the system much further in England," said L'Isle; "the resources of the country, and the sturdy character of the people are breaking down, under it."

"Could our British population be brought down to as low a condition as these people?" Lady Mabel asked.

"Assuredly not," said Mrs. Shortridge.

"Have you ever been in Ireland?" asked L'Isle.

No, neither of the ladies had been there.

"Or in an English poor-house?"

That, too, was *terra incognita*, especially to Lady Mabel.

"Either of them might assist you in finding an answer to a very difficult question. Still, like Moodie, I have great faith in race, and in the fitness of climates to races. We know that the Gothic conquerors of this Peninsula lost, in a few generations, their energy and enterprise. A war of seven centuries

revived and sustained that of their descendants, but after that stimulant was withdrawn, on the expulsion of the Moors, they gradually sunk to what we see them now. The Portuguese, of this province especially, are an inferior people. They are probably a degenerate people; and one cause of that degeneracy may be an intermixture of dissimilar races."

"It is evident," said Lady Mabel, "that in reconquering the country, the Christians did not make thorough work in expelling the Moors."

"I know not how thoroughly they may have driven out the Moors," said Mrs. Shortridge, "but they certainly have not kept out the black a-moors. The negroes now form no small part of the population of Lisbon."

"And the worst part," said L'Isle; "as will always happen when an inferior race is brought in contact and competition with one superior to it. A great part of the robbers and other criminals there are negroes. These are comparatively new comers; but among the old population around us, though we meet with many specimens of men of pure and better breed, still the great number of turned up noses and projecting lips we see, gives us an idea of an intermixture with negroes. This mixture and deterioration of the people will control the condition of the country far more than revolutions in church and state. The presence of but one race in a country renders possible a real freedom, embracing the whole population, and it becomes more attainable if this people be a race of high caste; but an inferior people mingled with them will be politically and socially subjected to them. This is the history of races all over the world.

They had now ridden many miles on the road to Murao,

whither L'Isle would gladly have led the ladies, were it only for the pleasure of taking them across the Guadiana, so renowned in song; but he feared to prolong the fatigues of the journey beyond the next day, and bade the muleteer find the shortest way back to Elvas. On this their guide soon turned into a by-way, and they gradually left the cultivated country behind them. The heat of the day made them wish for shelter long before it could be found in so bare and desolate a region. At length they were cheered by the sight of a few elms of stunted growth, and seating themselves in the shade, prepared to dine, while the servants went in search of water, which proved scarce drinkable when brought. The sweet-smelling thyme, which abounded in this spot, now bruised under the horses' hoofs, gave a refreshing fragrance to the air, and they rested the longer, as Mrs. Shortridge seemed worn out with the heat. Lady Mabel seized the occasion to add some new plants to her *hortus siccus*, which was now swollen to a portentous bulk, and occupied the highest place in the load of one of the mules. She presently returned, however, to her favourite diversion of exciting Moodie's controversial spirit, by asking him if there was not something exceedingly impressive in the external religion of the people they were among.

The term she used was enough to rouse him, but, checking himself, he sneeringly said, "I think these mummeries are well contrived for their purpose, to amuse a childish people, and keep them in a state of childhood."

"And why should they not be amused?" said Lady Mabel, since you will view it in that light. The church, their nursing mother, takes charge of them, body and soul, and strives to make religion part and

parcel of the occupations of every hour of every-day life. By spectacles, processions, pictures, music, by the lonely way-side cross, by the crucifix hidden in the bosom, by the neighbouring convent bell, chiming the hour of prayer, the Romanist is reminded forty times a day that he does not live for this life alone. Does he seek amusement from books? she takes out of his hand the lewd tale or lying romance, and puts into it the more wonderful legend of a saint or a martyr. Does any son of the church neglect the practice of charity? she sends him an humble penniless friar to remind him of that duty. Does he strive to forget his sins? she startles his slumbering conscience by duly summoning him to the confessional. The youths and maidens, taking an evening walk, led by early habits, stroll towards some neighbouring chapel, and suspend their thoughtless mirth, while they bend the knee to offer up a prayer, and make the sign of the cross in emblem of their faith in Him who died upon it."

Moodie shook his head. "You have well named it external religion. It is a whited sepulchre, full within of dead men's bones. The Kirk swept out all that rubbish long ago, and the less it is like Rome the nearer the pure faith."

"They would be odd Christians," said L'Isle, "who held nothing in common with Rome. I doubt, too, whether it be possible to preserve the substance with an utter disregard to form. But there is one material point in which the Kirk of Scotland and the Church of Rome still strongly resemble each other."

Moodie pricked up his ears at this astounding assertion, and scornfully asked, "what point is that, sir?"

"Their vicarious public worship," answered L'Isle. They both pray by proxy. The Papists employ a

priest to pray for them in a dead language which they do not understand, and the Presbyterians a minister to offer up petitions unknown to his people until after they are uttered, who stands listening, or seeming to listen, to this vicarious prayer, which may be, and often is, unfitted to the wants of their hearts, and the convictions of their consciences."

"And to escape these dangers, more possible than likely, you flee to those dead formularies you call your liturgy," retorted Moodie.

"To the formalist, and the negligent," L'Isle replied, "the liturgy is but a form, but to the earnest churchman it is a thing of life. Using it, the Christian congregation, priest and layman, pastor and flock, join in an united confession of their sins; in the profession of their common faith, in prayer for mercies needed, in thanksgiving for blessings bestowed. God's praise is sung, his pardon to repentant sinners authoritatively pronounced, the sacraments ordained by Christ are reverently performed, and the whole body of revealed truth and sacred history systematically recited to the people in the course of each year—a most profitable teaching to the young and ignorant, who cannot search the Scriptures for themselves. This is a true Christian public worship, complete in itself. Nor do we neglect preaching as a means of instruction and exhortation, without holding it to be an always essential accompaniment, much less as you do, the right arm in the public worship of God."

"And to this form of words, made by man," objected Moodie, "you attribute a divine character, little, if at all, below that which belongs to the word of God."

"So far as it consists of the language of Scripture, rightly applied, it is divine," said L'Isle. "But it

is an error to say, that our liturgy, or any other worthy to be named, was made by a man, or the men of any one age. It has a more catholic origin than that. The spiritual experience of devout men of many centuries of Christianity, realizing the needs of sinful humanity in its intercourse with its Maker and Redeemer, and the comforting Spirit, have helped to build it up, and thus adapted it, in its parts of general application, to the spiritual wants, at all times, of every child of Adam."

"You speak up finely for your formal service, sir," said Moodie, "and I may not be scholar enough to answer you. But every spiritual minded man knows that it only fetters the spirit in prayer."

"You and Moodie do not seem to get any nearer to each other," said Mrs. Shortridge, "in your rambles through the mazes of controversy."

"We only need here a well trained son of Rome," answered L'Isle, "to make confusion worse confounded. Luckily, Moodie and I can fight out our duel in quiet, without having a dexterous adversary come in as thirdsman, and kill us both."

The muleteer, who had shown signs of impatience unusual with him, now pointed to the sun; in a few minutes they were again on the road, which was but a bridle-path, and the country promised less and less as they rode on. Their guide looked around doubtingly, and at length turned aside to a half ruinous cottage, the only habitation they had seen for miles, where he closely questioned an old woman whom he found there as to the way before them. Little satisfied with her directions, he presently stopped an idiotic looking fellow, with a huge head, whom they met driving some milch goats towards the hovel,

and questioned him. The goatherd stood staring at the party with open mouth, and gave little heed to him. But, at length, being pressed for an answer, he gave one in a harsh voice with great volubility, and as much action as if drawing in the air a map of the whole country around. The muleteer seemed satisfied, and they again moved on over a waste of low, rolling hills, without a tree upon them. Unlike the heaths of the north of Europe, it was covered with a false show of fertility, displaying a variety of plants, among them several species of heath, one six feet high, and entirely covered with large red flowers, another smaller indeed, but with flowers of a yet more lively red. Here, too, were the yellow-flowered *cisti*, and many other plants with blossoms of many hues, perfuming the air while they delighted the eye. But the stunted juniper bushes, and the myrtles, not luxuriant and beautiful, like those growing on the banks of the rivulets, but dwarfish to the humble size of weeds, told of a land of starvation under this wilderness of sweets.

Lady Mabel, much as she loved flowers, was sated here, and owned that no profusion of them could make a landscape. "There is a dreary monotony in a scene like this, that words cannot express. The sky of brass over our heads, and this treeless, lifeless sea of sandy hillocks around us, excite a feeling of desolation and solitude, which forces me to look round on our party to convince myself that I am not alone in the world."

The muleteer, who was some way ahead, now stopped short. Riding up, they saw that the path here divided into two, and heard him heaping curses on the huge head of the simpleton, who had forgotten to tell him which to follow. But, on L'Isle's asking what they should

do now, he dismounted, and stepped up to consult his wisest mule, which he did by slipping the bridle from his head. At once, sure instinct came to filtering reason's aid; the beast turned complacently into the right hand path, and moving briskly on, jingled his bells more cheerily than before, as if he already saw the open stable door, and snuffed his evening meal.

Within less than a mile, they came upon a hedge of American aloes, which, with their close array of massive leaves, each ending in a sharp point, protected an orchard. Following its course a few rods, they came to a rude gateway, which admitted them into a small cattle yard, and a low, unpretending farmhouse stood before them.

(To be Continued.)

SONNET.

If one whose name I may not give to air,
With naught to aid her but her woman's art,
And the true key of her own pitying heart,
Should trace the records I have entered here,
The gathered fragrance of one bounteous year;
Oh! would she guess, oh! could that heart divine
How love beneath each unexplained sign,

Hides a wild hope it only speaks in prayer!

Alas! the thought is idle! What should teach,
In this blank page, that every simple date
Calls her to pity or to bless my fate,
With tenderer and more passionate demands,

Than if with my whole spirit wreaked in speech,
I prayed on bended knees, with clasped hands!

THE LOVERS OF BAGDAD.

[FROM THE ARABIC.]

I traced her through the long bazaar;
She raised her veil and I died of love.
A Nubian came by the evening star;
"Follow," he said, "to the orange grove."
We crossed the Tigris' darkening stream,
And halted within the perfumed shade,
Where a manifold gleam through the high hareem,
Athwart the thickets of oranges played.

I found her there; and the nightingale
Alone could sing that passionate bliss;
But the Nubian hurried to tell the tale,
And the Vizier saw our parting kiss.
She heard them through the shadows glide,
And sprang away like a scared gazelle;
The Tigris' tide is swift and wide,
But I swam it boldly, and swam it well.

I cunningly blacked my girlish face,
And robed myself like a slavish Moor,
Then stole a skiff from the market place,
And rowed by night to the hareem shore.
Gnashing my teeth like a curst Afreet,
I silently threaded each sombre walk,
Till I heard the beat of coming feet,
Mixed with a murmur of muffled talk.

I stepped aside in the leafy gloom;
There came a strangled girlish cry;
Bound and swathed for a humid tomb,
Three menials bore my houri by.
With shining teeth and tripping tread,
Behind the Nubian walked alone:
"She will sink like lead," the traitor said;
"I have bound her feet to a heavy stone."

My dagger reached his blackened heart;
Without a struggle or groan he sank;
His robe disguised me for my part,
And I hastened onward to the bank.
I took my Lulu from the slaves,
And placed her in my tiny bark;
Where the Tigris raves with its wildest waves
I shot away through the friendly dark.

My love is fairer than the sun,
 And shines adown my deepest soul;
 My days through mighty gladness run,
 As the stars through boundless heavens roll.
 The Vizier passes in his power,
 And I laugh to see him scowl and fume;
 He has lost the flower of his hidden bower,
 And it sheds for me its sweet perfume.

TO THE NIGHT BLOOMING CEREUS.

Child of the dewy Night,
 Whence art thou come?
 Dawning in darkness like a star of light,
 Unfolding silently thy robes of white,
 A snowy dome,
 Inverted to the sight.

Tassel'd with silken strings
 Of pale gold,
 Nodding their bells upon thy feathery leaves;
 Or downward bending like the yellow sheaves
 The reapers fold,
 Within the fairy rings.

The almond's odorous bloom
 Would seem to blend
 Its richest fragrance in thy cup distilled,
 With myriad drops of delicate sweetness filled;
 Whose charms but lend
 Freshness to thy perfume.

Like Purity thou art;
 For in the glare
 Of noon, her loveliness is all unknown,
 And in the silent hours of Life, alone,
 When God is near,
 Unfolds her stainless heart.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CHAFF-CHAFF SPRINGS, S. C., }
 July, 1859. }

Messrs. Editors: All the world knows that I am a *paid* and unfailing contributor to Russell's Magazine. I can't possibly draw back when I am sent after with the ominous announcement, suggestion, threat, whatever it may be considered—"more copy!" I must produce "an elegant Tale," or an "adequate Translation." To-day I have neither. Not an idea, nor a plot, nor an incident, nor a book "to render into English." The weather is too warm for hatching plots or thoughts: such eggs addle as soon as laid. The same warmth applies fatally to those volumes which were despatched to me, with the injunction, "choose one to translate." Catch me doing it—wouldn't I catch it if I did. How many of those French stories think you can be given in the Queen's vernacular, or in our own choice American tongue, to your readers? that respectable and fastidious crowd. I glanced over them, *nenni, ma foi!* not I. "We never mention some things to ears polite," in plain English. They are very moral tales, no doubt; but then to get at the dry-land moral, it seemed to me that one had to wade more than ankle-deep through some muddy, fishy waters. In fact, to speak seriously, few French novels bear translation; or usually in the attempt to skim them, it is the cream we leave, and the skim-milk we "set before" the public, who does not often find it "a dish for a king." Then, those that absolutely require no skimming are apt to be uncommonly devoid of flavour, substance, body or spirit; generally, such stories are old and de-

void of interest—have passed a languishing life in their native land, been disinterred at intervals, forgotten, because never read, (is that a bull?) and in short, like "A Secret," which lately appeared in these pages, meet with no remark at all, except a suggestion that they have appeared before. By the way, people think I did that. Pray acquit me. I don't know the victim, but I am sure one of you gentlemen was the real culprit by offering it to the pen of the translator, as you did this great pile of green covered *Michel Lévy, frères*, publications to me. Confess.

Well. Having acknowledged that I can do nothing for you this month, here I am spinning my web with not a fly to catch. If you will accept a description of my journey here, and my life here, instead of some fanciful matter, why that can be accomplished. I am too far off to hear your answer—there is no time to wait for it, no telegraph to bring it, so take me or leave me.

Were you ever at Chaff-chaff Springs? Never? I am sorry for you. Come as soon as you can, and bring all your friends. If you believe at all in a comfortable watering place—if you can credit that impossibles exist, that there are sky blue roses and publishers as eager to further the interests of authors as their own, come here. A little faith to cover some minute defects, and the "Model Springs" are found.

Of course you know their locality? No? "Sich is life," says Sairey Gamp. People go racing about hither and thither, spending their money, wearing out their patience, and nothing gained; whereas, under their very noses is the very thing they require and long for—

so near that, as my maumer used to say, when I had searched up and down for what lay at my feet, "if 'twas snake 'twould bite you." I might moralize now, but shall content myself by remarking that this seeking elsewhere for what we already have if we did but know it, is as firmly exemplified in the comparative obscurity of Chaff-chaff Springs, as is the truth of our faith, by the test I once heard challenging the world from the lips of a very wise acquaintance. "Folks," he said, "doubt the Bible. How can they? Don't the Bible say 'all men must die,' and don't we see men dying every day? How can we doubt then?"

To return to Chaff-chaff Springs, which heaven be thanked, I have never quitted, you come on the South Carolina Railroad as far as Middleton, which is the next turn-off after Alston, (now I speak for instruction) and there you will find a short branch railroad of some ten miles or so. The train runs twice a day; the nattiest, neatest little cars, as luxuriously fitted up as your own summer drawing-rooms. No hot velvet cushions stifling you, but cool linen covers, fresh and clean, on all the seats. The half hour spent in those well ventilated, smooth moving carriages, is a gradual preparation for the scenes you are about entering.

Suddenly a lovely valley, shut in on two sides by rolling hills "with verdure clad," and decked, (for the buildings are pretty enough to be ornaments, ah, how rare! instead of drawbacks to the landscape,) decked, I say, with a necklace of cottages, of which the principal hotel forms the largest centre diamond, steals softly into view. That simile about necklaces may not be very original, but it must stand, because it exactly describes the position of the houses; they branch out on each

side in a semi-circular curve, and as you advance up the green lawn between them, you can fancy, with a powerful imagination, that you represent the charming woman, around whose fair throat that gradually approaching *revière* will meet—in time.

There is no delay; you are not kept waiting wearily in the dreariest possible reception room, (agreeable misnomer! who receives you, I wonder, in said reception room?) while some unknown individual or individuals are supposed to be hunting-up a spot in which they can thrust you. No—"a neat handed Phyllis" instantly, (by order of the landlord, who consults a book taken from his pocket, having succinctly inquired your wishes,) conducts you to the sort of apartment you desire—whether up or down stairs, in the hotel, or in the cottages.

I would suggest the latter—such pretty, tiny, picturesque cottages. Vines are trained over the porches—benches are on either side of said porches. As you walk towards the one appropriated already to yourself, you see beauties in broad-brimmed straw hats, brown and mushroom-like, or grey, jaunty and *mousquetaire* fashioned, with falls of black lace, or fringes of little balls, sitting in these porches, chatting with their cavaliers, who are stretched upon the grass, or lean over the railings; I have seen trays of refreshments wending their way to sundry of these groups; the aroma of freshly baked cakes is pleasant,—so is the cool look of certain large rummers, that evidently don't hold only iced water, for the white napkin that covers them, bulges up above each glass as if there might be straws or tubes inserted in the liquid below. You enter your cottage: the furniture is "local." Chairs and tables are of snow white wood, unpainted, of the

style called split-bottomed, and all is freshly scrubbed, perfectly neat. You "might eat your dinner off the floor." Is this a *corn shuck mattress*? No indeed; nor is the solitary pillow so flat and free of feathers that you feel inclined, as a friend of mine once suggested, to put your thumb under your head by way of elevating it. The washing utensils are of the commonest earthenware, but large and unspotted; the towels coarse, but of a liberal pattern and supply.

Unpack your trunks and make yourself at home. Hang up your dresses on that row of wooden pegs, and bid your maid fill those shelves above with whatever she chooses. But I am going too fast—you have no maid and no dresses, Messrs. Editors. I must abandon the second person plural, and resume the dictatorial "I."

Very well, I took a little nap and dressed for dinner. The sun is hot, granted, when you cross the wide lawn, but cool, and dark and shady in the immense dining room. In the passage are rows upon rows of more wooden pegs for hanging up hats; and long *dressers* on which to deposit shawls, overcoats, mantles, umbrellas, parasols, veils, whatever you may bring, which would not be convenient to take to the table with you.

As I enter, (I am giving you the experience of my first day at Chaff Chaff, remember,) a waiter asks the number of my room, and then conducts me noiselessly to a chair, on the back of which is painted said number. If I don't like its situation at table, I can have it transferred to any vacant spot afterwards, he whispers. I like it, upon the whole. It commands an entire view of the three long tables, being near the head of the centre one. An old gentleman next me is complaining loudly as I take my seat:

"Can't see. Who wants to live in such darkness; got to feel the way to my mouth," etc., etc. Bless me! how that old gentleman could grumble!

The waiter respectfully suggests that he will move the old gentleman's chair in front of a window. "And have me die of rheumatism, when I am here for my health! And 'taint ophthalmia that brings me," shouts the choleric old cove. Excuse that—alliteration is so hard to resist. "What's the use of this darkness?"

"Keeps off the flies, sir."

"——the flies," says the old gentleman, and then fell to work on his soup, in a manner that showed how thoroughly he *did* know the way to his mouth.

Yes, there was scarcely a fly: the *punkahs*, overhead, steadily waved to and fro, and we, who sat beneath, need not have feared a battle with those agile devourers, whom my neighbour had so peremptorily condemned, even had the fringed fans ceased their cooling labours.

A substantial, plain, abundant meal was offered to us: everything was well dressed and well served. There were no attempted French dishes—no nasty compounds with nice names, no uninviting hashes with appetizing titles. At some hotels, I wot of, Chaf-chaff would be considered, if its *carte* were displayed, to be lamentably behind the age in fashionable catering; but for a dinner to eat, commend me to the wholesome and unpretending fare of mine host, Mr. Smith Brown, (he isn't even a Col.)

The roasts were roasted; the boiled, boiled; the fried and the broiled had evidently been brought into hot contact with a pan and a gridiron.

I have lived much at hotels and boarding houses; the contrast was strange and agreeable.

Not a tart nor a pudding was seen until every meat was removed. I saw some of my compatriots bolting their third plateful of bacon, greens, mutton, goose, vegetables, etc., and asking impetuously and perseveringly for apple pie and milk, while I was just finishing my soup.

They asked in vain. One stout lady and her sallow lord, with their mouths full of cabbage, remonstrated indignantly. "How long were they to be kept waiting at that table?"

They had been seated just five minutes, and had they been camels, might have been supposed to have laid in, during that short period, supplies for a week in the desert. They became so ravenous and hungry for tarts, that their waiter slipped off, pursued by objurgations, and brought Mr. Brown.

Brown is a strong, plain, well-behaved man—very polite, and very self-possessed.

"I am sorry," he said, "Madam; a little patience, and you will be served."

"Why don't you give us your dessert?"

"*The pastry*," replied our host, courteously, "will be in as soon as the meats are removed."

"That isn't our way, about here."

Brown bowed. "It avoids confusion," he said, and retired.

On glancing around, I found that three-fourths of the company, if not so loud as these two guests, had equally concluded their hurried meal. Some leaned back, wearily; some were looking out anxiously; some pecked savagely at dishes near them. I really thought that they were all about leaving the Springs in a few minutes, and rather was inclined to blame Brown for not serving them at a separate table, with less ceremony. But I soon discovered my mistake: this

was their every-day habit. They looked upon all meals as passover feasts, at which they should assist with loins girded and staves in their hands, ready for a start—where? back to their rooms, or to the bar-room, to wait impatiently for the next gong summons to the next gobbled repast. Ah, my countrymen and countrywomen, especially "when on pleasure bent," or in search of health, why can't you take a little pity on your digestions, and give them half a chance?

On rising from the table, some strolled into the dancing-room, which is on the opposite side of the hotel, (corresponding to the dining-room,) others went off to their respective roosts, and most of the men lit their cigars, and sat under the shade trees. A broad piazza surrounds the entire hotel, its pillars support a roof above the second story, thus forming a grand and imposing promenade. And now the band, which had discoursed very good music during our dinner, went off to get their own, I suppose. Conversation is the order of the moment. You will wish me to describe the belles. *Place aux dames*. Room for Valeria Hunter. Do you see her sitting on that settee, between two windows? The furniture here is more *soigné* than that of the bed rooms, of course, but still there is no lack of simplicity, taste and fitness. Cottage furniture as it is called. A pale, grey foundation, covered with bright flowers, and its tints form a pretty background for the fair Valeria's arm, as she rests it coquettishly and carelessly beside her. She is no beauty, but she has great dark eyes, and a mass of light golden hair; she dresses her pretty figure stylishly, and has a languid grace about her. She talks to Mr. Ledyard, who is honoured with a seat on the sofa, and looks at Mr. Dar-

ley, who stands in the piazza, leaning upon the window-sill. I think both are of opinion that the other ought to go and smoke his P. M. cigar, and I also think, that neither will do it.

Do you admire Maud Falconbridge? That dark, sullen, passionate, *intense*-looking woman, reading yonder? All of you, Messrs. Editors, have seen her fifty times. To see her as she is, don't judge of her looks at this moment. She has "Adam Bede" in hand—wants to get on with it—doesn't choose to go to her room, because the western sun shines there just now—she is cool and comfortable here—and prosy Terence Delany, presuming on his fifteen thousand a year (out of one half of which he chiselled his own sisters,) undertakes to interrupt her, and to wish "to engage her in conversation," when *she* wishes to read her book. Take care, Terry. I see Maud's eyes flashing: those chocolate eyes, that look like coloured sunbeams; I am a woman, consequently not her natural enemy, but I should scarce dare affront that storm, far less provoke it. She turns her haughty head towards him:

"But one word broke the silence; but
one, and it fell
With the weight of a mountain upon him.
Next moment
The fierce levin flashed in her eyes.
From his comment.
She was gone....."

back to "Adam Bede," and "Hester," and "Dinah." It was rude, no doubt. I fancy she told Mr. Delany, in the very teeth of his fifteen thousand dollars per annum, that he bored her, or some such very extinguishing remark. He coloured, bowed, and strutted off, angrily. She settled herself in her chair with a sigh of relief—not a tinge of self reproach—and her eyes fastened themselves eagerly on

those strong, delightful pages.—Is n't it a great book, "Adam Bede?" Who wrote it? Man or woman? My opinion of the author's sex is as vacillating as it well can be. It is the best novel since, oh, since Walter Scott. That is a conservative and respectable date. "Mrs. Poyser" is as witty as Sydney Smith; "Dinah's" sermons are better than Spurgeon's, and the delineations of human nature outrank Thackeray! Having reached my climax, I return to Maud, although I must pause to express my disgusted amusement at a critic in one of our daily papers, who pronounces, with Dogberryan wisdom and satisfaction, after sundry disparaging remarks, that upon the whole, "Adam Bede is a readable book."

Allow me to place that long dash as a barrier between my pen and the one just quoted. Such things may be catching.

Maud's face is brightening. Her lips, slightly parting, smile over some pointed sentence, no doubt. She hears an approaching step. She pays no heed—"surely, Mr. Delany is not idiot enough to tempt his fate again—is there another such gaby in the world?" I can see that thus her thoughts run. The steps come to a pause in front of her, and she looks up wrathfully. Venus! what a transformation! Had I exclaimed just now, *à son intention*, I should have said, Medusa! Atropos! but now, the very goddess and queen of love and rosy smiles never looked so beautiful and gracious. If you doubted her attractions a while ago, you will not question them at this moment. That tall, athletic, handsome man, with a face like a Greek statue, a mouth for Antinous, and dark blue eyes, which have little softness under their black lashes, stands before her, and she shuts her book, and throws it upon the ground careless-

ly. Ah! poor author—your magic meets a greater magician than yourself.

Maud signs to a chair, and sweeps in her skirts with a pretty, imperative gesture, making room for Richard Stewart, who has an independent income of a few debts, and giving him a wealth of smiles, which she absolutely refused to his predecessor. Perhaps she thinks that Delany is sufficiently favoured already by fortune.

What is Mr. Stewart saying? He has been out hunting all day, I can see, from the slight sun-flush on his clear, brown cheek; but I think he has been in the piazza a little while, and saw his beautiful Maud snub the discomfitted Terence, and he is reading her a lecture on good manners, and she, the proud darling, looking

"Child-like and wistful, and sorrowful-eyed,
Like a wild young thing grown suddenly tame."

meekly listens and assents. He is very right; and she is very right to assent and promise amendment, and patience, and greater attention to worldly forms; but I rather fancy that when, in three months' time, they are married, and Richard's uncle and guardian has come

down handsomely, and provided for the young couple, I rather fancy then, that lovely Mrs. Stewart must not be too eager, and look too much pleased, or too well contented with any body's conversation. Even now, if she concealed more effectually her partiality, and smiled as sweetly on Tom, or Dick, or Harry, as she does on this especial Richard, I have my notions on the subject. Then would be lectures on the opposite side of the question. Oh men! men!.....

Bless me! I paused just here to cast up my own eyes, preparatory to a dissertation, an ode, perhaps, on this fruitful theme, when my astonished glance fell upon a pile of foolscap littering the table. Indeed, I cannot write a line more. Don't press me. Don't all of you speak at once. I must break this off; and have not yet said one word about the Springs themselves, their medicinal qualities, and so on;—(this last is not to be regretted, because I might make some woful mistake: I don't drink the waters myself—they taste very bad, so I suppose they must be very good.)—but, indeed, I am at the end now. So farewell, gentlemen.

Yours,

RACHEL STRONG.

"Every tear shed by a child for judicious correction waters the amaranth of Virtue, whilst every smile of triumphant impunity hastens the nightshade of Vice."

"To survive the passions, without having matured the virtues, is to expend our capital without taking the customary securities."

ATTACK ON CHARLESTON BY THE FRENCH AND SPANIARDS IN 1706.

We are indebted to that earnest student of Carolina history, Professor Rivers, of the South Carolina College, for permission to publish the following interesting original account of the attack on Charleston by the French and Spaniards, in 1706, in which they were decisively defeated. It was copied for him from the Records in the London State Paper Office. He has also added to our obligations by sending us an Historical Essay, which he has recently prepared, entitled "The Carolina Regiment in the Expedition against St. Augustine, 1740." It is a complete and spirited vindication of the conduct of the regiment and will appear in our next number.—*Eds.*

ACCOUNT OF THE INVASION MADE BY THE FRENCH AND SPANIARDS UPON CAROLINA: IN WHICH ATTEMPT THEY WERE DEFEATED AND MOST OF THEM TAKEN PRISONERS. REFERRED TO IN THE LORD CORNBURY'S LEE OF THE 3 OCTOBER 1706. RECD. 29 NOVEMBER. READ 5 DECE. 1706.

An Impartial Narrative of ye late Invasion of So Carolina by ye French & Spaniards, in the Month of August 1706.

Carolina being not only a Frontier to the English Settlements on the Continent of America but also frequently menaced by the Governors of St. Augustine and the Havana, with an Invasion, it became absolutely necessary to prepare for the same and accordingly (the Rt. Honble Sr. Nathl. Johnson being Governor) Charles Town was with all imaginable dispatch surrounded with a regular fortification, and one hundred choice great Gunns mounted thereon. The Militia by frequent exercise well disciplin'd and all other necessary's reduced to a Millitary posture, for their reception, in which state the affairs of the Province remained when it pleased God to vissett us with a grievous pestilence which raged chiefly in Charles Town, took off a great many of the Inhabitants, and began to spread throughout the whole Province, which misfortune coming to the knowledge of our Enemies encouraged them to conclude that

now was the only time to execute their designs agst us, and one Monsr Le Feboure Comandr of a private Man of Warr hapening at that time to be at the Havaña with four other privateer ships, The Governor at last prevailed with them to undertake the invasion reinforced them with about eight hundred men and directed ym to call at St. Augustine for more supply's and from thence saile directly for Charles Town in South Carolina.

The first acct. wee received of them was by one Peter Stool Comandr of a Privateer Sloop belonging to New-York, who having lately refitted in this Port sailed from hence for the barr of St. Augustine intending to cruise thereabts some time in expectacion of a ship with money on board to pay the soldiers belonging to that Garrison.

On Saturday August. the 24th Capt. Stool returned to this Port who informed us that the Wednesday before he engaged a French Ship off Augustine Barr, where he lost two men and had five wounded, and that the day before, he was chased by four ships on this Coast.

He had not been arrived scarce above one hour and not done relating this News before we discovered from the Town, five smokes on Sullivan's Island which signified that so many Vessells were by that look out seen at sea upon which Lieut Col. Wm Rhett (being the Comandr in Chief then in Town) caused the allarm to be made, dispatched Messengers to the Governor and his Superior Officers and gave the necessary orders for that night.

That Evening the Enemy came up with our Barr but would not venture to come over, and then stood again off to sea being near night.

25th. On Sunday morning Col. James Risbie came into Town and received advice from the look out that the Enemy appeared to the southward of the Barr, manning their Galley perriauguers and boats, wherefore we expected them to land upon us that night, in the afternoon Majr. Genl. Broughton came to Town, and two Companies under the Comand of Capt. David Davies and Capt. William Canty about the same time, also most of the Gentlemen belonging to the Troops, comanded by Col. George Logan came to Town, strickt watch being kept all that night.

26th. The next morning being Monday, the Country Compa's. marched out of the Lines of the Town, and took up their quarters half quarter of a mile from the same, It being thought convenient not to expose them, but in case of necessity to the sickness of the Town, all that day the Enemy continued at anchor at Holly Island their boats the mean time sounding the Barr, The same day the Rt. Honble Sr. Nath. Johnson our Governor came to Town, viewed our preparations and gave the necessary ords, his presence gave great encouragement to us all having strong confidence in

his courage & conduct, in the Evening our Forces were again drawn into Town.

27th. On Tuesday morning early the Companies under the Comand of Capt. Johnson Lynch and Capt. George Hearn, marched within a quarter of a mile of the Town ready to enter into the Town when ordered, and Capt. Jonath: Drake's Companie from James Island came over to Town.

The same evening the Enemy with four ships one Gally and a small Craft to land their men (to ye great surprise of our Pilots who esteemed it almost impossible,) came over the south Barr and having a fair wind and tyde we expected would have come directly to the Town, but they stretched along and came to anchor undr Sullivan's Island, whereupon the Governor drew up all the forces quartered near the Lines and march't them into Town in odr. to receive the Enemy, and Capt. Fenwick's Company being on a neck of land, lyeing between Wandoe River and the sea a Sloop was sent over for them, which the Enemy perceiving sent out their Galley to intercept them, but failing in their purpose our men were all safely landed at Charles Town.

In the Evening Marshall Law was proclaimed and the forces then in Town disposed to severall Quarters keeping a strong guard all night the whole Town being illuminated with lights from every window, which was repeated every night during the allarm.

28th. Wednesday morning, the Santee Company undr. the comand of Capt Longbay's march't into the Town, and the same day Capt Seabrooks company from the Southward.

This morning a Councill of Warr was held where it was concluded that three Ships, one Briganteen,

and two sloops then in the harbour should immediately be fitted together with a fire ship in order to take or destroy the Enemy, who still continued at anchor undr. Sullivans Island, the comand of which Vessells, being conferred on Lieut. Col. Rhett.

The same day a Flagg of Truce came on shore, with a Messuage from the Enemy to the Governor.

The Messenger being brought into Granville Bastion then comanded by Capt Geo: Evans where he remained for sometime, and being presently afterwards introduced to the Governor, he told him he was ordered by Mons: Le. Feboure who was Admirall of the French Ships then in roads, In the name of the King of France, to demand that wee should surrendr. to him, the Town and Country, and our persons to be prisoners of Warr, adding that his ordrs. were to give but one hours time to determine an answer.

The Governor by an Interpreter told him that it needed not a quarter of an hour or a minutes time to give answer to that demand for that he might see he was not in a condition to bee obliged to surrendr the Town, but that he kept the same and would defend it in the name and by the authority of his Mistress the Queen of England, that he valued not any force he had, and bad him goe about his business. Whereupon the Messenger took his leave and was reconducted to his boat, departing to the Ships, seeming very much surprised at our strength and numbers.

29th. The next day being Thursday, wee perceived the Enemy's boats landing a party of their Men on the before mentioned Neck of Land, between Wandoe River and the Sea, and in a short time afterwards severall smoaks arose near Col. Dearsly's Creek, which wee afterwards understood to be from

two Vessells riding in the Creek which the Enemy sett on fire.

Upon this Col. Risbye and Major Parris were ordered to detach a party of one hundred men to be sent over to attack the enemy, but being just ready to embark were countermanded, and that service referred to the next morning, at which time it was hoped to land, and fall on them undecern'd which succeeded accordingly. The same day another party of the Enemy about 30 men went on shore at James Island and sett fire to a house, whereupon the Governr. comanded Capt. Jonathan Drake with his Company to march over and disturb them, but being observ'd by the Enemy's ships they fired a Gun to call their men back who recovered their boat. and in great hast put off before Capt. Drake with his Company could come up with them but the Indians marching faster, came time enough to exchange severall Shotts, and wounded 2 or 3 in their retreat.

30th. On Fryday Morning two hours before day, news was brought by a Negro from the Neck, that the Enemy consisting of abt. One hundred and Sixty men had been on Shoar all that night, had killed a great many Cattle, fowls, and other stock, and were securely feasting and making merry. Whereupon the Governor immediately comanded Capt. Fenwick wth his Company together with a detachmt. out of the Company's of Capt. Lynch and Capt. Canty, in all consisting of about one hundred and six men, undr. the comand of Capt. Fenwick and Capt. Canty, to pass over to the neck in quest of the Enemy and to endeavour to destroy and cutt them off, returning again with all possible dispatch. They accordingly put off and undiscovered landed at Hobcaw, and Capt. Fenwick leaving about ten men to guard the

boats, advanced in pursuite of the Enemy, sending two soldiers and half a score Nimble Indians as scouts before him, and having march't about five mile mett the aforesaid Scouts returning wth accot. that they had seen the Enemy at Rowlers plantation being then distant but half a mile from them, whereupon Capt. Fenwick wth speed and silence advanced towards them, and being come up to the fence of the Plantation were they were undiscovered spread themselves in ord. to surround them, but the Enemy by that time perceiving our men, and being but a party of the main body immediately retreated receiving our fire without any return on their side wee pursuing them came up to Gills Plantation half a mile distant from Rowner's where the Enemy meeting another party of their own men rallied and faced us disputing the ground for some time and exchangeing severall Vollies, but huzaing and rushing on them, they gave ground and in great disordr. fled to their main body which were at Hartman's Plantation about a mile further, in this action wee killed them six men, wounded four, and took two prisoners, with the loss only of one man, and Capt. Fenwick pursuing this good begining and the flying Enemy, came up to Hartman's Plantation, where their whole strength consisting of abt. one hundred and thirty men were drawn up in ord. of battle in the middle of the pasture being a large open field of abt. 150 acres of ground, seeming resolv'd to engage us, Where upon Capt. Fenwick and Capt. Canty likewise drew up their men full of eagerness and desire at sight of the Enemy to fall on them, and advancing within half musquett shott poured in the Volley, which the Enemy sustein'd and return'd theirs, but seeing our men running on huzaing with

a desperate resolution to engage them closer, they immediately quitted the field and fled away in great disordr. and confusion, but being prevented from heading the Creek the greatest part of them fell into our hands, and begging quarter were prisoners of Warr, others attempting to escape by swimming the Creek were drowned to the number of seaven or eight, In the whole loss sustained by the Enemy, there were nine men killed seaven wounded, about seaven lost in the Creek and thirty three prisoners taken, with the loss only of one man on our side, so that of abt. One hundred and thirty men there returned but sixty to the Ships or thereabouts, the rest being either killed or taken prisoners, with which good success Capt. Fenwick and Capt. Canty with their men and prisoners returned to their boats, and recovered the Town by eleaven of the Clock and gave the Govr. a just accot. of the action the same day, who being rightly informed by them of the posture and circumstance of the Enemy, and the Vessells being in a readyness gave orders for those forces to embark, where were allotted to mann the Ships, that they might be in readiness to attack the Enemy the next morning.

31st.—On Saturday morning, our fleet consisting of six vessells and a fire shipp under ye comand of Lieut. Col: Wm. Rhett as Vice Admirall sett saile towards ye enemy, who seeing us make towards them, in great hast and confusion gott undr saile standing for the South Barr, and in a very little time, by the help of a favourable wind and tyde gott not only out of our sight, but over the accidents of that dangerous Barr, and dirty weather coming on, the Ships returned again to the harbour before Charles Town.

On Sunday afternoon Capt. Watson in the Sloop Sea Flower was ordered to the Barr, to see if he could discover any of the Enemy's Ships, and returning without any acco't of them, from a point of Land on the Neck he took off fourteen prisoners, who being deserted by their Vessells surrendered themselves Prisoners of Warr, and the Governor being fully informed that the Enemy were fled, discharged the alarm and declared Marshall Law to cease.

The same day at night Mr. John Abraham Motte commanding a pad round the Neck, sent an Express to the Governor, acquainting him that a Vessell was seen rydeing at an anchor in See-wee Bay, who were landing a great many men. Whereupon the Gov'r. concluding this vessell to be the Ship which the prisoners told us the Enemy expected, wherein was Mons. Arboussett their Land Generall, and severall other officers and ab't 180 or 200 men, resolv'd to take her and accordingly

2d.—The next morning being Monday, commanded Capt. Fenwick with his company to join Mr. Mott's pad round, and together by Land march to See-wee Bay to anoy the Enemy and intercept their landing, and intending also to attack her by Sea appointed the Sloop-Sea Flower and the afore mentioned Privateer Sloop, for that expedition under the comand of Lieut. Col. Rhett, and orders were accordingly given Col. Risbie to put on board the Sloops a number of men sufficient for that occasion. The Sloop Sea Flower was forthwith mann'd, but severall Gentlemen and others who were willing to share in the danger and honor of that design, but desirous of the Company of Col. Risbie, the Govr. at his earnest request permitted him, with Capt. Evans and his Company, to goe on board

the Privateer Sloop, where commanded untill his return.

That morning both the said Sloops sailed over the Barr and made the best of their way for See-wee Bay, but there being little wind they came to anchor that night off.

This Evening also Capt. Fenwick with his men joyned Mr. Mott, (who the day before perceiving severall of our men astray in Swamps and remote places without amunition, went to Town and bring a sufficient supply gathered and refitted about twelve men and some Indians, and marched with them towards See-wee where he found about sixteen men more) making in all about forty men.

3d. The next morning being Tuesday, Capt. Fenwick and Mr. Mott had notice from their Scouts that about two hundred of the enemy were landed and ashoar at Mr. Hollybus his Plantation, upon which they immediately march't towards them endeavouring to cutt them from their boats, they found them in an open Plantation advantageously posted, but running up to them boldly huzaing and firing they durst not sustain the charge, for seeing severall of their men fall, the rest cryed out for quarters, there was about 12 or 14 of them killed and wounded and about sixty prisoners, among whom the men of note were Capt. Pasquereau, Commander of the Ship, then in the Bay, Capt. John Baptist with four more officers, without the loss of one man on our side. Capt. Fenwick and Mr. Mott with the officers aforesaid, came that night to the Govr. with the account of the action, and the prisoners the day following.

The two Sloops early the same morning put under saile crouding for See-wee Bay, when between 2 and 3 o'clock in the afternoon, the Sloop Sea Flower being about a

league ahead, on a suddain tack'd towards the Privateer Sloop, acquainting Col. Risbye that they had seen the Ship ryding at anchor in the Bay, with her Yards and Top-masts down, here a consultation was held on board Col. Risby, where it was agreed that the Privateer Sloop heading the van, should board the enemy on the quarter and the Sea Flower on the bow, in wch order, with a resolute cheerfulness both of sailors and souldiers wee bore up the helme, making directly into the Bay, where the Ship rode, when coming up with her and just ready to lay her on board she strok, cryed for Quarters, surrendered their Ship and yielded themselves prisoners, having four gunns then mounted and loaden and between eighty and 90 able men, among whom was Monsr. Arboussett their Land Generall and severall other officers.

4th.—On Wednesday the Wind being contrary, the two Sloops with their Prize were forced to remain in the Bay, and therefore an Express was sent by land to the Govr. giving him the account of this success.

5th.—Thursday Morning, the sloop Sea Flower weighed and stood out of the Bay, and abt four hours after the Privateer Sloop with the Prize came undr saile, and that night, both the Sloops came to anchor over against the Barr.

6th.—On Fryday Morning the said two sloops returned to Charles Town harbour with the French Ship their Prize (her Trophies sailing undr the colours of the Sloop which Coll. Risbie comanded) where the great Gunns from the Batteries and the shouts and acclamations of all the people proclaimed their welcome.

Wee having now in all abt 230 Prisoners, French & Spaniards, and

about ninety or 100 Indians which they brought with them.

And thus through the Providence of Almighty God, the malicious designs of our Enemies are defeated, and their fleet, like a Second Spanish Armada who had they succeeded, intended nothing more than the utter ruine and destruction of the flourishing Collony.

The bravery and conduct of our Gen'll the Governor was very remarkable during this whole alarum, who altho near worn out with age and pain, forgot nothing of the duty of a great Commandr, being frequently on horseback at all hours of the night to see his Ords executed, and infusing by his example, life and courage among the people, resolved not to outlive the fate of the Province.

His Worthy Son in Law, Major Genll Broughton, is next to be remembered, who sacrificing all things to the preservation of the Province, came time enough to Town to share in the glory and dangers of our defence.

The rest of the Officers in their severall Post and Stations behaved themselves like men worthy their Generall and the common People, setting before their Eyes, the greatness of their Stake, were resolved to bid high for the purchase, and upon all occasions, shew'd themselves ready and willing to dye in defence of the country.

To conclude Capt. Stooles, Commander of the Privateer Sloop, whose good fortune it was to discover and fight the enemy, has largely contributed to our preservation, who thereby not only gave us time for our defence but for want of that ship which he engaged and disabled, broke the design and measures of the Enemye.

The Vessells imployed in the Expedition were

First. The Crown Gally where Lt. Col. Rhett as Vice Adml hoisted the Union Flag, having 12 gunns and 96 men.

2dly. The Mairmaid Gally, belonging to and now also under the comand of the Honble Col. Thos. Cary, the Governor of North Carolina who, chancing to be here at this juncture about some private affairs of his own, cheerfully assisted the publick cause, both by Sea and Land with his person and interest.

3dly. The Richard Galley commanded by Capt. Thomas Spread

mounted with 16 Gunns 6 Patteraroes and 146 men the bloody pennant flying at his Main topmast head.

4th. The William Gally fitted on this occasion as a Fire Ship under the comand of Capt. Kember with his boats Crew.

5thly. The Sloop flying horse, Capt. Peter Stool Comandr. mounted with eight gunns and eighty men.

Lastly. The Sloop Sea Flower, with 100 men, under the comand of Capt. Watson,

"When we meet with a natural style we are surprised and pleased; for we expected to find an author and we have found a man. For men of good taste hoping, when they find a new book, to meet with a man, too often find but an author. Those men rightly honour nature, who prove that we may speak naturally of all things, even of theology."

"The sense is changed according to the form of expression; for sense borrows its dignity from the words, in place of giving them dignity."

"It were no unchristian mode of judging others, were we as willing to suppose in them the merits which we all fancy in ourselves."

"Man passes his life in reasoning on the past, in complaining of the present, and in trembling for the future."

"Rivers are like moving roads which bear us whither we would go."

NIGHT.

How calmly in the western sky,
The radiant sunset seems to die,
So peacefully it fades away,
That twilight blends with parting day.

Lingers the last faint ray of light
Upon the threshold of the Night;
Who on a bright cloud stealing down,
Transfers the wanderer to her crown,

And with it lights each glowing star,
That sparkles brightly near and far;
Likening the calm and silent skies,
To tender thoughts in joyous eyes.

O Night, thou art beloved by all,
On every hour thy blessings fall;
Thy mantle folds alike each heart,
That wrapt in sleep bids care depart.

To weary hearts thou bringest rest,
Thy quiet soothes the troubled breast;
The brow that Grief has furrowed deep,
Lies calm beneath the touch of Sleep.

Thy shadowy hours are ever fraught,
With deepest mysteries of thought;
Wild longings in the soul arise,
To pierce beyond thy solemn skies.

The silent grandeur of thy reign,
Thy starry crown, thy jewelled train
Of countless orbs that ceaseless move,
The being of a Godhead prove.

Night, thou art heralding the hour
Of Death! like thine its shades shall lower;
The flickering lamp of Life grows pale,
When Death draws near; its strength must fail.

Yet should we love to think of thee,
O Death! the spirit thou shalt free;
Fettered by earthly chains no more,
In boundless thought the mind shall soar.

And sweet the hope that Faith can raise,
Ere long to join for endless days,
The Angel choirs that ever sing
The praises of our Saviour King.

EDITORS' TABLE.

Oration, delivered before the Cincinnati, and Seventy-Six Association, by Thos. M. Hanckel. July 4th, 1859.

Fourth of July oratory has become proverbial—it constitutes a distinct species of rhetoric, recognized in the schools, and governed by fixed rules of composition. For its perfection it requires a confused notion of grammar, a profound ignorance of history, scientific knowledge to the extent that Franklin invented lightning and Dr. Kane discovered the North Pole—an enthusiastic appreciation of the great central fact of our political history, that Thomas Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence, and an admiring familiarity with the style, at once grave and graceful, of the editorials of the Centreville Constitution and the Palmyra Patriot.

But this is scarcely matter for jest; for it is not extravagant to say, that the mind and moral of the American people has been seriously injured by the abuse of our National Anniversary. In a country like ours, where our population, scattered over a vast extent, is linked together in small societies and by local interests, where their material success is far in advance of their intellectual culture, and where the energy of a whole people, too eager either to look back at the past or to enjoy the present, drives them on, shovel and pickaxe in hand, to the "gold diggings" of the Future, there can be but limited information and narrow views. And when the only day on which the nation rests from its labour is devoted to the most exaggerated egotism, and a self-laudation absolutely silly in its excesses, the evil is increased. We are the greatest, purest, wisest, bravest, "biggest" nation "in all creation," and what the nation is to the world, that, every small neighbourhood is to the nation, and what the neighbourhood is to the nation, that, the individual is to the neighbourhood. A national habit has become an individual peculiarity—and this insane egotism—for it really prevents our seeing the true relation of

men or things—develops antagonisms and jealousies, both national and personal, which impresses upon our character a spirit so coarse, conceited and selfish, that unless checked, we will have nothing left but a private life without refinement, and a public life without dignity.

For this has been going on now for many generations. In something over eighty years there must have been an average of about thirty thousand Fourth of July speeches—making, at this time, more than a quarter of a million of commentaries upon our History and Constitution. Surely, it is time to stop; for, if our orators understood their subject, they must have exhausted it; and if they did not, they have exhausted us. In fact, the day has long since been given over to young gentlemen fresh from their College exercises, and about to be put in training for local Legislatures; and even they, like the Roman augurs, can hardly venture to exchange glances from their respective platforms. It is, therefore, not only with surprise, but gratitude, that here and there, now and then, we recognize in this rhetorical charivari a clear, sensible, eloquent voice, and it is both a pleasure and a duty to recognize our obligation to any one who, on such an occasion, and at such a disadvantage, shows, like Mr. Hanckel, that he feels like a gentleman, thinks like a scholar, and speaks like a man.

Mr. Hanckel's Oration is indeed a most admirable production, its subject selected with great judgment for the purpose of illustration, its style at once elegant and strong, the expression at times being singularly rich and full, not only adorning, but strengthening and developing the thought, while its whole tone is manly, truthful, and impressed with that spirit of philosophical candour which is always and only, the result of conscientious study and patient reflection.

After a very graceful introduction, and a passing reference to the day, and the great men whose famous act has consecrated it as a national holiday, Mr. Hanckel proceeds to "review again the

great principles of Government and the right of revolution, with which the career of a new people was inaugurated, and to consider the results we have at this time reached." In expounding these "great principles," he assumes as the basis of his reasoning the truth—"that government was a fact long before it was a theory. That it is as natural and necessary as the authority and control of a parent over a child. And that all government is founded on original and essential power, in the authority which power confers, and in the instinctive impulse and imperative necessity of the strong and wise to command, and of the weak and ignorant to obey."

We are afraid that some of Mr. Hanckel's positions may be misunderstood, and the logical consequences of others carried further than he would be willing to go. But this will be avoided, if his readers will bear in mind that the occasion forbade on his part anything like a logical demonstration of his subject, and, indeed, that the subject itself could only be treated by way of illustration and suggestion. For example, a physiologist may demonstrate that the great organs of life are not life—that the heart, the brain, the nervous, digestive, and respiratory, systems are merely the instruments by which the vital principle acts; but when he attempts to define the vital principle itself, he is forced to illustrate rather than demonstrate. He can show various forces at work, modifying and influencing that principle—but the principle itself will constantly evade his search. Now, Mr. Hanckel has undertaken to answer the question: What is the vital principle of Government? He has demonstrated clearly and powerfully that it cannot be found in the authority of official positions—that it does not reside in the majesty of the law, nor depend upon the enactments of a constitution—that it is not the prerogative of the masses, nor is it held in the will of the majority—that these are but the organs by which the life of Government acts. But when he comes to the vital principle thus eliminated from its instruments, like the physiologist, he has passed the limits of demonstration, and he can only illustrate its working, and describe some of the influencing forces by which its motions are controlled. The chief force and beauty, therefore, of this Oration consists in the philosophical appreciation of these forces, and the clear and striking manner in which their influence is described.

After laying down the basis of his position just quoted "that all government is founded in original and essential power, etc.," Mr. H. asks, "What then are the sources of this power? They are

as various and diversified as are the characters of men and the history of nations. They are often anomalous in their existence and obscure in their origin, but no less potential because they are obscure, nor less real because they cannot be accounted for.

Nature, itself, is a prolific source of power. Courage, strength of will, and earnestness of purpose, are as strong as a sword. Men fly to the refuge of knowledge and wisdom as they fly to the shelter of impregnable walls. Eloquence of speech is as a trumpet in the day of battle, and the power of persuasion is as a captain of the marshalled host. The power of gentleness, courtesy and dignity is as natural as are the fascinations of beauty; and even mere physical beauty and strength have at times exercised no mean influence over the wills and the actions of men. These, and such as these, are the liberal bounties of Nature, and the noble endowments of her favoured children.

But, besides these, the laws of property and the accidents of life, bestow power, and history, too, and even mere chance, seemingly blind and senseless chance, but doubtless a wise and omniscient Providence, claim their representatives among the powers of the State."

After this general statement, Mr. Hanckel proceeds to illustrate in detail these various elements. We cannot follow him through these illustrations, but select one example, not only as a specimen both of his thought and his style, but because in it Mr. Hanckel has briefly but admirably stated one of the great leading facts in the constitutional history of England, a fact which our people can hardly be made to understand, but which is the true explanation of much that at present seems to them so anomalous in English life.

"Thus, William the Conqueror invested his Norman followers with all the great offices, honours and emoluments of his Island conquest. And the powers and the privileges of the English aristocracy have become a fundamental element of the British constitution. And most nobly does all history say, have they discharged their duties and exercised their proud prerogatives. Whether, as statesmen, as philanthropists, or as soldiers, they have furnished a splendid list of names on the roll of fame, of which any people on earth might well be proud. *And the castles of her nobles, and the houses of her "rural thanes," have in large measure done for England what the sovereignty of the States has done for us. They have saved her from the evils of a localized and consolidated government, and from the fatal mischiefs*

of all power being concentrated in gigantic cities, like ancient Rome and modern Paris."

Having thus pointed out what, according to his conception, government is not, and then described some of the most important elements which are beyond the power of analysis, but which combine to form the vital principle of all governments, Mr. Hanckel proceeds to consider the right of revolution. This portion of Mr. Hanckel's Oration does not possess the philosophical character of the first division of his subject. He treats the subject briefly and very generally, and contents himself with the expression of an opinion on the characteristics of legitimate revolution, without any attempt to analyse the right of revolution, or to connect it with his theory of government. His opinions, however, although general, are well considered and very eloquently expressed, and we shall conclude our extracts with a passage from this portion of the Oration, in which the thought is not only true, but of prime importance to the just appreciation of our own history, and in which the language is worthy of the thought:

"And all justifiable revolution must be the honest and earnest effort of social interests and powers, which have a real and active existence in a country, to assert their authority and establish their claims. And all successful and beneficent revolution is the result of a timely concession on the one side, and a magnanimous and patriotic use of victory on the other.

American history will scarcely furnish us with more than a partial illustration of the principle, because the growth of the American Colonies was rather the growth of a geographical power, and the American revolution was more a separation of States than a social and political revolution. The real battle of our essential rights and liberties had already been fought and won on English soil; and our fathers always declared that they contended only for the chartered rights and privileges of Englishmen.

But the whole constitution of England is the record of a tremendous struggle like this, between the prerogatives of the Crown on the one side, and the rights of Parliament, and the great interests of the Commons on the other side—a struggle in which the heads of men, the heads of noble men and lovely women, have fallen like the leaves of autumn, under the axe of the executioner; and the best blood of England has been shed like rain upon its soil. Brave, earnest, and stern was the struggle; and right wisely, and temperately, were

the fruits of victory employed to establish the best interests of England, and the most sacred privileges of her people.

Indeed, I do not know how it is with other men, but for me, the story of England's greatness and wisdom possesses an inexpressible charm which belongs to no other nation. Her history proceeds like some grand strain of music, in which the tread of her soldiers, the voices of her orators, and the songs of her poets, are mingled in a noble harmony, the soft melody of whose notes sometimes melts the heart by its matchless tenderness, and whose swelling chords, at other times, send the blood bounding through the veins, with the mantling tide of uncontrollable emotion. As when Wolfe dies, smiling, upon the heights of Abraham. As when Nelson, in the irrepressible sympathy of genius with genius, gallant heart with gallant heart, unfurls his eloquent flag to the breeze, and stands upon the deck of the Victory, watching to see "how splendidly Colingwood carries his ship into action." As when Lord Ormond utters that noble epitaph on his dead son—which at once illustrates the tender pride of the father, and the self-sacrificing devotion of the patriot—"I would not exchange my dead son for any living son in England."

I offer you no apology—I am sure you ask none—for this tribute to the greatness and the wisdom of England. For what better school of sturdy manhood, robust virtue, and gallant conduct, could we have, than the genial study of English history? And, as I have said before, the great battle in which our dearest and most essential rights and liberties were secured, was fought and won on English soil. And if, among the manifold blessings we this day celebrate, I were called upon to speak of the greatest, I do not know that I could name a greater, than that we have sprung from the loins of Anglo-Saxon men, and inherit their glorious history, and their most sacred liberties!"

In conclusion, Mr. Hanckel naturally refers to the present condition of public affairs, a painful and profitless subject into which we will not attempt to follow him. It is sufficient to say that his sentiments are what they should be, being what he is, and speaking where he was. We would only remark that there is an obvious but important error in the copy of the Oration which we use. Towards its close, Mr. Hanckel says: "let them wait until some great vital and unquestionable right is invaded—not merely some right affecting our domestic institutions—but any great, vital and unquestionable right; let them wait for some

issue, broad enough and strong enough to bear the weight of the conflict."

The sentence italicised in this extract must certainly be a misprint for "not only some right, &c., &c.," as it stands, the language implies what we will guarantee Mr. Hanckel never intended—in that a right "merely" affecting our domestic institutions" was not a "great, vital and unquestionable right."

We hope that this Oration will be generally read. It is highly honourable to the orator, and the general and admiring appreciation with which it has been received, is exceedingly creditable to the community. We have risen from its careful examination gratified, not only for the sake of the amiable and accomplished author, but because it warrants us in believing that we have not lost the habit of grave and conscientious political thought, without which there can be no such thing as statesmanship, and proves that the State has still among her sons those who, fortunately for her, have long to grow both in years and usefulness—men who know how to think truly, and to act truthfully.

The French Revolution. By John S. C. Abbott. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The French Revolution is a thousand tragedies full of terror and pathos. It rouses in all bosoms every emotion and passion of our nature. Pity, indignation, contempt, hatred, admiration, seize on every heart while we read the terrible story of atrocities and sufferings, of inhuman cruelty, patient sorrow, sublime courage and generous devotion, that pass like shadows across the terrific field of blood. There is nothing like it in the world's history, and however often repeated, the tale can never lose its interest.

In Mr. Abbott's hands the subject sustains no injury. His clear and easy narrative carries us in a pleasant way through the ever shifting scenes of this wonderful passage in the annals of the human heart. He succeeds in leaving a distinct impress on the reader's mind of the course of events, and the changes and causes of change among the leading spirits of a confused and turbulent period. This is a very decided merit, and one which is very rare among the historians of the French Revolution.

Although Mr. Abbott sets out with the purpose of writing the history of the Revolution "as viewed in the light of Republican institutions," and may be supposed therefore to give a sort of *ex parte* view of persons and events, he is not chargeable with unfair or uncandid

judgments. For the most part he is content with giving facts, and leaving the reader to form his judgment for himself, and where he expresses his opinions, which he does freely, they are neither intemperate nor unjust. His compassion is not withheld from the unfortunate nobles, and he condemns with proper severity the excesses of the people.

For many years under the influence of Burke's eloquence and the world's indignation, there seemed to prevail but one sentiment of hatred for all the leading actors in the French Revolution. Assemblies, Conventions, States General, Girondists, Jacobins, Directories, were all alike detestable and detested. The sympathies of mankind were reserved for the sufferings of the royalists, the Royal family, and the emigrant nobles. Those of the people were forgotten. Time has produced a change. More equitable views prevail. We begin to perceive that however great and hateful the cruelties of the Jacobins, those of the nobles and the monarchy were not less so, that the one inevitably led to the other; that if the populace of France acted like brutes, it was because they had been brutalized by the systematic oppressions of courts and princes. They had been made worse than hewers of wood and drawers of water, and naturally fell into the vices of their degraded position. It is Mr. Abbott's purpose to assist in establishing truth, and to restore to a proper equilibrium the scales of historical justice. While France, and even England, aid in this commendable design, it is to be expected that America should not be silent. The cause is emphatically hers, as the chosen advocate of popular rights, and the sworn enemy of tyrants, as her State mottoes intimate that she is.

To understand the French Revolution, we must become intimately acquainted with French history for some centuries before. It was not a sudden outburst of popular violence from transient or accidental causes. It did not depend on the character of individuals or parties, of the king or queen, the courtiers or their opponents. Its seeds had been sown for generations, and the harvest time happened to fall in the reign of the unfortunate Louis. A great genius on the throne might have modified the popular indignation, and prevented the terrible outrages which the exasperated and uncontrolled passions of a whole nation produced; but revolution was inevitable. The oppressions of the people had become intolerable. On the one hand was a mass of ignorant labourers overwhelmed by taxes, on the other a privileged class who consumed the money so paid in unexampled licen-

flousness and luxury. The profligate morals of the Court were an outrage on all decency. For a half century or more France had been openly ruled by courtesans and their creatures. The coming result was too plain not to command attention. The king, Louis XV., perceived it, but satisfied himself with believing that the machine would last his time. Madam De Pompadour saw that the catastrophe was not far off, but was content under the conviction that she would not live long enough to see it. "After us, the deluge," was the phrase she used in reference to coming events. She died, and the deluge followed not long after.

One striking feature in the French Revolution is the utter imbecility of the nobles. They were brave men, none braver, and yet, with the exception of what passed in La Vendée, their conduct throughout was that of the feeblest and most incapable of Sybarites. They never made an effort. They never struck a blow. Their energies were paralyzed. They suffered with dignity. They emigrated to other countries, and there exhibited the most admirable examples of patience in bearing adversity, and of ready ingenuity in adapting their lives to the changes of their fortunes. But they presented no examples in their own country, of bold and devoted efforts to oppose their bravery—their wealth, their skill in arms, to the brute force of the multitude around them. They had deprived themselves of all hold on the affections of the people. It was the unfortunate but certain consequences of their own exclusiveness, that they were cut off from all sympathy with the multitude. They were beings of a different species. The noble and the peasant had no touching points. They belonged to different worlds. Unlike the class of nobles in England, who are leaders of the people, who act as magistrates, who preside at popular meetings, who take an active interest, as landlords, in the management of their estates, the French nobles withdrew from all association with the multitude. They were known to them as oppressors and petty tyrants only, as exactors alone of duties, services, dues of all sorts, the most oppressive and hateful. There was no such thing in France as an affectionate tenantry, ready to take arms in defence of its landlord, from personal attachment. When the revolution broke forth, the nobles were as feeble, therefore, as children. It was one hundred and fifty thousand men opposed to thirty millions, whom they had oppressed and scorned for ages. Notwithstanding all this, however, the entire absence of all courageous attempts on the part of the nobles to op-

pose the rabble in their blind and mad fury, is one of the most striking features in the great French tragedy. It was the natural consequence, perhaps, of Parisian life, forced on the privileged class for many generations by the policy of the Court.

All these things Mr. Abbott sets forth with sufficient distinctness. But for this purpose, it was not altogether necessary, as we think, to go back in French history to the days of Julius Cæsar. There is not much, we suppose, in the condition of ancient Gaul and its tribes, their manners, or wars, which can have any very striking relation to the great events of the eighteenth century. But Mr. Abbott does not occupy much time or space in the excursion, and we must pardon so much as he has done to the spirit of American authorship in historical matters, which is particularly prone to begin always at the beginning.

Memoirs of the Empress Catherine II., written by herself, with a Preface by A. Herzen. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1859.

These memoirs are precisely such as one would expect to find them. They cannot be called immodest or immoral, for the writer shows herself everywhere perfectly unconscious either of modesty or morality. Catherine undertook to write her own life; certain events happened in the course of that life, and she faithfully records them in the way of her duty; as for shame, or modesty, or decency, they really are quite foreign to the matter in hand. No libel against Catherine, no forged history of her corrupt life seems to us any longer a libel or a forgery after reading these vile confessions of her own heart.

She tells us in so many words that her son Paul, afterwards emperor, was a bastard; that two brothers were rivals for her favour, and neither remained unhappy; that she became tired of Soltikoff at such a time, and made the acquaintance of Poniatowski in such a place. And all these things are while she is yet grand duchess, and before the death of Elizabeth. The memoirs conclude abruptly in the early summer of 1759.

What Catherine had to submit to in her married life is well known; the brutal treatment and the disgusting confidences of her husband, who passed his days reviewing his regiment of puppets, and holding courts-martial on rats which had climbed over his paper forts.

Nor were the employments of others about her more dignified or serious than those of her husband; all the petty tale-

bearing and malicious reports that exercise the intellects of the low and the mean were the daily practice of the princesses and ladies about Catherine. Their noblest pursuits were intrigues; their loftiest ambition the overthrow of some favourite. A more ignobly depraved society probably never existed than that of Moscow or Petersburg at that time: for other dissolute societies have possessed some redeeming polish of manners, or literature, or art; but the age of Elizabeth and Catherine was an age of unqualified sensuality and baseness.

Catherine was dutifully attentive to religious obligations; she had taken lessons in the Greek faith at the same time that she began the study of Russian, and proved herself an apt scholar in both. Her piety was indeed exemplary: when Elizabeth sent to request that she would fast during the first week of Lent, she entreated to be allowed to fast during the whole season; and the empress graciously permitted this act of devotion. On one occasion, Elizabeth sent to console with Catherine on the illness of her husband. The messenger, M^{me} Ismailoff, found Catherine in the oratory, reading the prayers for the night; and on her return told the empress what she had seen, adding that the print of the prayer book used by the grand duchess was very small. The next day the empress sent a prayer book in large type, to preserve the eyes of the grand duchess. We should err if we charged either of these profligates with hypocrisy. A wide experience of human life will satisfy every one that sincere religious feeling, or, perhaps, we should say emotion, is perfectly compatible with outrageous habitual disregard of God's law. There can be no doubt that Catherine believed in the efficacy of her religious reading; and still less that Elizabeth had a very strict sense of the requirements of religion. After recovering from a severe illness at Moscow, the empress made a pilgrimage on foot to the convent of Troitza, her favourite place of seclusion. The convent is situated at a distance of sixty versts (forty miles) from Moscow, and the pilgrimage occupied nearly a whole summer; the empress walking three or four versts at a time, and resting for some days after each effort. Every day, after dinner, the party went hunting.

We are accustomed to think of the Russian czar as the absolute head of his people, and clothed with a certain divine majesty before their eyes. But the truth is, that the succession to the throne of Turkey itself is far more secure and legitimate than is that of Russia, as recorded in history. Only in the

history of the Cæsars, or of the Byzantine empire, can we find a parallel to the murders, the violence, the capricious changes in the dynasties that have ruled Russia. The springs of revolution are moved by the lowest of mankind—a street-boy, a pastry-cook, a barber's apprentice—and the empire is in effect sold to the highest bidder. The profound policy of Nicholas in abating the feudal pride of the nobles, and the force of his personal example, have done much toward the creation of a *people* in Russia, and the nearer elevation of the throne to the ideal dignity it has always possessed. What M. Herzen says of the people in the time of Peter the Great, is still true for the most part:

"As to the great, silent people,—that people prostrate and stupefied, dumb—it was never thought of. The people was beyond the pale of the law, and passively accepted the terrible trial which God had sent it, caring little for the spectres which mounted with tottering steps the ascent to the throne; gliding like shadows, and disappearing in Siberia, or in the dungeons. The people was sure to be pillaged in any case. Its social condition was therefore beyond the reach of accident."

No sadder thing could be said of any people; for, as human affairs have been constituted since the beginning of the world, only the most abject poverty or the most entire political nullity, can be said to be beyond the reach of accident. And this picture of the Russians of one hundred years ago, is still true, what amelioration there has been or now is in progress, being entirely due to Nicholas, whom we must regard as by far the greatest of Russian sovereigns.

It is supposed that other portions of the Memoirs may be in existence; but nothing certain is known on this point, and the fragment now published is likely to remain a long time incomplete.

To Cuba and Back. A Vacation Voyage.
By Richard Henry Dana, Jr. Boston:
Ticknor & Fields. 1859.

A more pleasant book of travel is hardly to be met with than this. Cuba and all other countries should pray for such travellers to be sent among them as Mr. Dana; he is always truthful, intelligent and agreeable, and, for the most part, free from that intense Americanism which measures all things by an American standard. It should be very easy to see what is before one's eyes; but experience proves it to be a difficult feat. "The eye," says Carlyle, "sees what it brings with it the power of seeing." And how shall a man of narrow

and prejudiced mind look with clear eyes upon a strange world?

Mr. Dana was pleased with the style of living in Havana: "Having bathed," he says, "we enter the restaurant for breakfast, at 10 o'clock. The restaurant, with cool marble floor, walls twenty-four feet high, open rafters painted blue, great windows open to the floor and looking into the Paseo, and the floor nearly on a level with the street, a light breeze fanning the thin curtains, the little tables, for two or four, with clean, white cloths, each with its pyramid of great red oranges, and its fragrant bouquet—the gentlemen in white pantaloons and jackets, and white stockings, and the ladies in fly-away muslins, and hair in the sweet neglect of the morning toilet, taking their leisurely breakfasts of fruit and claret, and omelette, and Spanish mixed dishes, (ollas) and café-noir. How airy and ethereal it seems! They are birds, not substantial men and women. They eat ambrosia and drink nectar. It must be that they fly, and live in nests in the tamarind trees. Who can eat a hot, greasy breakfast of cakes and gravied meats, and in a close room, after this?"

As the day advances and the heat increases, the traveller takes refuge in his upper room with its piazza, looking out upon a scene remarkable enough to Northern eyes: "We can see the illimitable sea from the end of the piazza, blue as indigo; and the strange city is lying under our eye, with its strange blue and white and yellow houses, with their roofs of dull, red tiles, its strange tropical shade trees, and its strange vehicles and motley population, and the clangor of its bells, and the high-pitched cries of the venders in its streets."

The palm trees form the most remarkable feature of the landscape in Cuban scenery, giving to it the character of the Eastern scenery, strengthened always by the picturesque figures of the Africans and Coolies. The climate of the island seemed delightful to Mr. Dana, notwithstanding the heat. The air is so pure, he says, that one never feels oppressed with the heat, out of the sun. Everything that he saw of the country life of the Cubans gave him a very favourable idea of their manners and good breeding; he visited them at their country-seats, and found them living in style, and observing all the distinctions that would have been necessary in the midst of society.

Of the political condition of the Island, Mr. Dana speaks with becoming reserve, asserting only his belief that the greater part of the inhabitants are disaffected to the present rule. He thinks that the Cubans desire and would prefer amelior-

ation under the Spanish government in place of independence or annexation to this country. But he remarks very justly, that it is quite incorrect to argue from Massachusetts to Cuba; to maintain that because the former achieved independence and was able to use it rightly, the latter must necessarily be equal to the same struggle and triumph. Equally erroneous it seems to us to judge of the state of political feeling in Cuba by what Americans in a similar situation would feel. Satisfactory proof has never yet been offered that the Cubans do really desire to shake off the yoke of Spain, heavy though it be; and it is very certain, that if they do desire independence, they desire it in a languid, half-indifferent manner, not very reconcilable with the fire of a passionate longing.

Studies, Stories and Memoirs. By Mrs. Jameson. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1859.

Mrs. Jameson's books are among the most valuable of Messrs. Ticknor & Field's publications.

As a critic on Art, Mrs. Jameson stands in the front rank of writers of the present day; and there is an elegance of language, a simplicity of treatment in her writings, which mark the truly-intelligent student.

The present volume contains a number of studies on various literary and artistic subjects, principally connected with Goethe, and his character as a man not less than as a poet.

The magnificent German meets with but hard treatment from most female critics; but Mrs. Jameson is not of the number. She calls him one of the "very few, who lived not for an age, a country, but for all ages—for all mankind; who did not live to preach up this or that theory, to sustain this or that sect or party, to insist on this or that truth, but who lived to work out the intellectual and spiritual good, and promote the progress of the whole human race—to kindle within the individual mind the light which is true freedom, or leads to it."

Among the most interesting of the papers in this volume is the account of Washington Allston. Finer or more justly discriminating praise has not been bestowed upon this great painter than the following:

"When I have thought of the vehement poetical sensibility with which Allston was endowed—his early turn for the wild, the marvellous, the terrible—his nervous temperament, and the sort of dreamy indolence which every now

and then seemed to come over him, I have more and more deeply appreciated the sober grandeur of his compositions, the refined grace of some of his most poetical creations, the harmonious sweetness which tempered his most gorgeous combinations of colour, and the conscientious, patient care with which every little detail was executed; in this last characteristic, and in the predominance of the violet tints in the flesh and shadows, some of his pictures reminded me more of Lionardo da Vinci than of Titian or of Reynolds. His taste was singularly pure—even to fastidiousness. It had gone on refining and refining; and in the same manner his *ideal* had become more and more spiritual, his moral sense more and more elevated, till in their combination they seemed at last to have overpowered the material of his art—to have paralyzed his hand.... No man ever more completely stamped the character of his own mind upon his works than did Allston. In speaking of the *individuality* which the old masters threw into their works, he said: "This power of infusing one's own life, as it were, into that which is feigned, appears to me the prerogative of Genius alone. In a work of art, it is what a man may well call his own, for it cannot be borrowed or imitated."

Acadia; or, a Month with the Blue Noses. By Frederick S. Cozzens. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1859.

There are many corners of the earth hardly remembered of men, in these days of general travelling, although they lie in the very track of the restless movement. Men go in flocks like sheep; and, like the sheep, they follow their leader instinctively. When some independent voyager explores Iceland, or Madagascar, or Tahiti, we wonder that no one ever before thought of that very place, and the material in it for a capital book.

Mr. Cozzens visited Nova Scotia on his way to the enchanted Isles of Prospero; and ingenuously admits that he had not thought of Nova Scotia for its own sake, until he found his passage to the Bermudas stopped. He rendered thanks to Fortune, and accepted her gifts with a heartiness for which his readers must thank him. For he has given them a most delightful book, full of observation and genuine humour, and at the same time rendering justice to the noble spirit of the French colonizers, and the peaceful virtues that flourished so long,

"On the shores of the Basin of Minas."

The first impression made upon Mr. Cozzens by the scenery of Nova Scotia, was one of surprise at the literal accuracy of Longfellow's descriptions in "Evangeline." The woods of Nova Scotia are literally primeval forests, and composed almost wholly of pines and hemlocks. "There is not," says Mr. Cozzens, "in all this vast greenwood an oak, an elm, a chestnut, a beech, a cedar or maple. For miles and miles we see nothing against the clear blue sky but the spiry tops of evergreens; or, perhaps, a gigantic skeleton, "a rampike," pine or hemlock, scathed and spectral, stretching its gaunt outline above its fellows. Spruces and firs, such as adorn our gardens, cluster in never-ending profusion, and aromatic and unwonted odour pervades the air—the spicy breath of resinous balsams. Sometimes the sense is touched with a new fragrance, and presently we see a buckthorn, white with a thousand blossoms. These, however, only meet us at times. The distinct and characteristic feature of the forest is conveyed in that one line of the poet:

"This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks."

And yet Longfellow was never in Nova Scotia. Other proofs of the intuitive accuracy of the poet's conception were found in the scenery, and the habits of life lingering in some of the more secluded valleys.

Mr. Cozzens found Halifax a very ordinary looking town, afflicted with a chronic sleepiness; but the harbour he calls magnificent, and the people proved to be very hospitable and courteous. The place does not grow, it seems, although it is the chief harbour of the province.

Not far from Halifax is a settlement of free negroes, inhabited chiefly by fugitives from the United States. They were described to Mr. Cozzens as a miserable race, incorrigibly idle, and always suffering in consequence. Their habitations are log-houses. Mr. Cozzens writes:

"In a few minutes we saw a log-house perched on a bare bone of granite that stood out on a ragged hill-side, and presently another cabin of the same kind came in view. Then other scarecrow edifices wheeled in sight as we drove along; all forlorn, all patched with mud, all perched on barren knolls, or gigantic bars of granite, high up, like ragged redoubts of poverty, armed at every window with a formidable artillery of old hats, rolls of rags, quilts, carpets, and indescribable bundles, or barricaded with boards to keep out the air and sunshine."

Seacliff: or, the Mystery of the Westervelts. By J. W. De Forest. Phillips, Sampson & Co. Boston. 1859.

Those of our readers who are familiar with the two previous works of Mr. De Forest, descriptive of life and manners in Europe and the East, must have perceived that he was a man of keen observation, an humorist, and somewhat of a philosopher. He now comes before the public in a much more ambitious attitude: leaving the realm of mere description, he has entered upon that of fancy and invention. We think that his success in this new field is unquestionable. "Seacliff" is a novel of great powers, a little too melo-dramatic, perhaps, towards the conclusion, but full of a vivid, sustained, almost painful interest, which hurries the reader uninterruptedly to the solution of the mystery with which the story terminates. The author exhibits rare ingenuity in his manner of veiling the secret of Mrs. Westervelt's life to the last, whilst his pictures of individual character are graphic and strongly drawn. Summer-ville is a model of the social villain, handsome, plausible, diplomatic, with the address of Beau Brummel, and the heart of Belial! The hero is every inch a man, and among the subordinate personages, Mrs. Van Leer is as true to nature—fifth Avenue nature we mean—as it is possible to paint her.

Instead of describing the plot, we will make a few extracts. The first is philosophical and reflective:

"I set off on foot down Broadway. The sweeping crowd of earnest-eyed pedestrians soon effected a diversion in my ideas, and became an amusement. As I noted the endless diversity of faces, the multitudinous dissimilarities of height and form which passed me, I imagined how infinitely greater would be the contrasts presented to my eyes, could I see the spirits of that hurrying throng, as I now saw its merely outward, temporal presences. One visage would be black with the passions of hell, and another luminous with the purity of Paradise. This man would shiver into a dwarf of grovelling meanness, while that would tower majestically above my dim sight, holding his glorious brow even with the heaven of heavens. Deformities of soul, hideous hunchbacks of spirit would present themselves in unimaginable varieties of hatefulness. The monsters that spawn in the sunless caverns of the sea, the unnamed creatures that inhabited the first ages of creation, the ghostly, formless shapes of Chaos and Old Night, the chimeras, hydras, sphinxes, griffins, and centaurs of antique credence, would not be so abnor-

mal to my sight as would be these incorporeal fellow-beings of mine, could I behold them. How many a man, with the spirit of a murderer, goes through life innocent of blood! How many another, who longs to commit foul outrage upon innocence, and who does not slay his passions, but secretly feeds them with vicious reveries, is always held by the chains of fear, or of circumstance, within the limits of external virtue! Such, at least, is the orthodox theological view of these moral dissimilarities. If the transcendentalists and optimists are right, they are not monstrous, but normal, and the mere 'stepping-stones to better things.' It is a gentle belief, certainly, and very attractive in its catholic charity."

Here is an extract of a different character. The young hopeful, "Johnny," is the son of Fitz Hugh's (the hero's) nurse, an excellent old lady of Calvinistic proclivities:

"Johnny slowly sucked in his rebellious lip: his eyes rose dolefully to mine, and dropped in profound humiliation; he swallowed his potato and his spunk together. The one sorrow of this healthy urchin's life was the excessive difficulty of being a good boy. To attain this distinction, at least in the estimation and according to the teachings of his grandmother, it was necessary to undergo labours and trials, compared with which a barefooted pilgrimage round the world would have been a trifle. He must be blameless in deed, word, and thought; eschew alike sins of commission and sins of omission; resist the world, the flesh, and the devil; love all orthodox Christians, indiscriminately; desire vehemently the conversion of the heathen; set much store by the restoration of the Jews to Canaan; understand the prophecies, and take an interest in their fulfilment; anticipate with perpetual longing and gladness the coming of the millenium; besides several minor duties, such as hankering after his catechism, keeping Sunday, and obeying his grandparents. All these excellent works, moreover, he was to perform, not because he liked to be obliging, not out of any good natural instincts, but from the most mystical and spiritual, the most unchildlike, the most unearthly of motives. And finally, when all was said and done, he was to get no manner of praise for it, because he was still a miserable, detestable victim of the original sin entailed upon him by his remote ancestor, Adam. In fact, his intrinsic and necessary wickedness was enforced upon him by his grandmother, with a theological rigour, and, as it were, ferocity, which appeared to leave him small hopes of ever becoming anything

better than a perfected scapegrace. She represented him as buried under an amount of original and acquired iniquity that might have thrown a small universe into despair; as full of every evil imagination, capable of committing any crime, and more than ordinarily responsible for the expulsion from Eden, the flood, and other judgments. Indeed, if Ma Treat's words were worth anything, Johnny's case was entirely desperate, both for this world and the world to come. Yet, in spite of the fiendish wickedness which she constantly attributed to him, Ma Treat, by some strange contradiction, was exceedingly fond of Johnny; and if the fat little demon fell down stairs, or had an indigestion, she worried and watched, and even cried over him as if she were in peril of losing a cherub. It was a curious commentary on her hard, literal system of divinity, and showed that the same was believed by her head rather than her heart. In truth, she was a good, kindly woman, full of natural affection and practical Christian charity, notwithstanding the grim, unwavering faith with which she reasoned up to her New England puritanism."

The Bertrams. A Novel. By Anthony Trollope. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1859.

This is one of the best novels that has come under our notice for some time past; and one of its chief excellencies is, that the author thinks for himself, and reminds you of no one else. You know that he has written of life as he has seen and read it, not as he has guessed at it from the reflections of Dickens, or Thackeray, or Reade. Mr. Trollope is a man of the world, in the wide and noble sense, fitly belonging to the character; while he is perfectly well acquainted with the petty nature and small aspirations of the class that calls themselves by the name.

In the "Bertrams" we have the life of a young, ardent, highly gifted man, inflexible in morality and honour, and at the same time unsettled in religious belief, and without direct purpose in life.

For such a mind, not sufficiently contemplative to resign itself safely to religious meditation, and not practical enough to become wholly absorbed in the struggles of men, there is yet one sure refuge—the security of love. This George Bertram finds; and he is for a time happy in the prospect before him. But his betrothed, with a worldly wisdom that counts only the material possessions, and overlooks the moral force of the man, refuses to become his wife

until he shall have secured the means of maintaining her in the position to which she has been accustomed.

This revolts the pride, and abates the zeal of the lover; and he who strained every power for the attainment of his happiness, charges his betrothed with indifference, and himself becomes careless.

Just at this period, his friend, a successful barrister, steps in between the lovers, ingratiates himself into the friendship of the lady, and eventually supplants Bertram. Yet the lady never deceives her new lover; she tells him distinctly that she cannot love him, but that she will be his wife.

They are married accordingly, and a few months after separate, in mutual disgust and hatred.

Bertram, during this time, has become known as an infidel author, has been abroad to Paris and the East, (where he first met Miss Waddington) and has endeavoured in vain to forget his first love in a new one. He meets his first love after her separation from her husband, but they are very guarded in their behaviour; and the complicated plot is unwound, only by the suicide of the husband, after the failure of some of his schemes. This catastrophe, rendered necessary by the intricacies of the story, is the most unnatural and violent event of the book; nor is cause shown for it. A man of decided and resolute character becomes suddenly vacillating and feeble, and having still great resources at his command, gives way to a cowardly despair. This seems to us a great fault; but it is the only one we have to censure in the book. The characters are all strongly painted; among the best is the character of Sir Lionel, the dissolute, selfish father of George Bertram; the reflections are just and profound; the knowledge of life individual and rational, minutely exact; and the tragic power of the author is decided.

Popular Geology. A Series of Lectures read before the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh. By Hugh Miller. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1859.

The posthumous work of the great geological genius of Scotland, (we might well say of the world, considering that native force of genius alone raised him to his eminence,) is precisely what so many readers will be glad to meet with—a readily intelligible account of geology.

The hard terms of the science, and the countless ages dealt with so familiarly by its votaries, appal the seekers after instruction; and many serious minded

individuals conscientiously regard geology as a black art, occupying the place of magic in the middle ages, and only intelligible through dealings with the Father of Lies. Let these fearful souls take courage, and read the "Popular Geology" of one who better understood their needs than most of his fellow-students.

Hugh Miller had devoted years to the preparation of a great work on the Geology of Scotland—a work on which he desired to rest his claims to be remembered among men. Parts of this great work, complete in themselves, have been published under the names of the "Cruise of the Betsy," and "Rambles of a Geologist." The present volume is the third contribution to the same design, and also the last; we are to possess but fragments in place of the magnificent whole we might well have expected, had the life of the geologist been spared.

It is known what enchantment the style and imaginative power of Hugh Miller have thrown over a subject at first sight very unpromising. We have room but for one extract, on the difficulty of reconciling the Scriptural account with the geological records of creation:

"We do think we have reason to complain of theologians who, ignorant of the facts with which we have to deal, and in no way solicitous to acquaint themselves with them, set themselves coolly to criticise our well-meant endeavours to reconcile the Scripture narrative of creation with the more recent findings of our science, and who pronounce them inadmissible, not because they do not effect the desired reconciliation, but simply because they are new to theology. They should remember that the difficulty also is new to theology; that enigmas cannot be solved until they are first propounded; that if the riddle be in reality a new one, the answer to it must, of necessity, be new likewise; and as this special riddle has been submitted to the geologists when the theologians were unaware of its existence, it must not be held a legitimate objection that geologists, who feel that they possess, as responsible men, a stake in the question, should be the first to attempt solving it."

The Poetical Works of Edgar Allan Poe, with an Original Memoir. Redfield: New York.

This small volume is an imitation of the blue and gold series of Ticknor & Fields; and contains most of Poe's poems, besides his paper on the Poetic Principle. Great as Poe's genius undoubtedly was, he is much too highly esteemed by young

persons; there are many Americans, we believe, who have studied no other poet, and their ideas on the subject of poetry are proportionally distorted and incorrect.

We could desire no better indication of the advance in true poetic culture among our people than the scarcity of the editions of Poe's works; in proportion as the demand for them falls off we may hope for the awakening of a purer taste.

The Memoir prefixed to the poems is appreciative and truthful, and candidly admits what no friend of Poe could deny: the entire absence of anything like moral sense in Poe's character. We believe that, as a man, he was unworthy of notice; as vicious as a man could well be. The excellence of his poetic genius, and its elements, are well analyzed in this brief and satisfactory introduction to the poems.

The Epochs of Painting Characterized. A Sketch of the History of Painting, Ancient and Modern. By Ralph Nicholson Wornum, Keeper and Secretary, National Gallery. London: Jno. Murray. 1859.

The work before us is intended, says the author, "as a compendious manual of the history of painting, for the sake of a rapid and continuous survey of the whole subject; it does not profess to give an elaborate elucidation of any particular epoch." This character is fully and excellently sustained in the execution of the work; no school is left unexamined, no national art is left unnoticed in this rapid survey. Beginning in the remote antiquity of Egyptian and Assyrian art, Mr. Wornum comes down by degrees to the Dusseldorf school of the present day. In such a hasty review there was no time for thoroughness of research, and yet we find the account of the various Grecian masters and their works sufficiently minute and curious, in spite of the disadvantages attending every attempt to distinguish the merit of ancient paintings, from the want of examples to refer to. In every such inquiry we must continually repeat the names of Pausanias, Strabo, Diodorus, Pliny and Athenaeus, and give their descriptions for the paintings themselves.

The paintings discovered in Herculaneum and Pompeii have given us a partial view of the probable excellence of the Greek painters; for many of those paintings, although evidently from the pencils of artisans and copyists, suggest originals of very superior artistic claims. And it may be hoped that we shall yet

discover some of the better works of the later Greek artists, as the vast unexplored portions of Pompeii is gradually laid bare to the light of heaven.

For the origin of painting, as of every other art, we must look to the mysterious land of Egypt.

So far in the past ages that tradition had lost sight of the date even in the days of Plato, the painting of the Egyptians was cultivated to the same degree of excellence as that exhibited in the time of the Ptolemies. So remarkable was the conventional perfection to which the Egyptians had brought their art, so little of the *ideal* of art was there in them that several painters frequently worked at the same time on a figure, dividing off by exact measurement the surface of the body, and painting in obedience to the scale so established.

In the accounts of the modern schools of painting, Mr. Wornum seems to have passed rather too superficially by the schools of France and of Spain, and to have decided too hastily on the dependence of the former on the Italian masters.

Such dependence is no more true of the French than of every other school of painting; there is no doubt that all are deeply indebted to the Italians, but, excepting the German, French art is as independent of that obligation as any art could be, in the nature of things.

But as a compendium of knowledge on the origin and progress of painting in different countries, we are acquainted with no more valuable book than Mr. Wornum's, and commend it to the notice of those interested in the history of art.

The Two Paths: being Lectures on Art, and its application to Decoration and Manufacture, delivered in 1858-9. By John Ruskin, A. M. New York: Jno. Wiley.

We preface our notice of these lectures by a quotation from Mr. Ruskin: "Whenever the reader is entirely shocked by what I say, he may be assured that every word is true." Such is the dictum of our author, and such we have found to be the cardinal point in all his works. He believes himself to be an apostle, clothed with all the divine authority which invested the early disciples of Christianity. Cimmerian darkness enveloped the world before his advent, and the "blind teachers of the blind," the great Masters, whose works have come down to our time, taught more than their wildest imaginings conceived, and are invested with a purpose and effect which required long years

and the advent of a true exponent to develop.

We must frankly confess that we have never read a work by Mr. Ruskin without mingled feelings of admiration and anger. We cannot resist the fascinations of his brilliant style, his gorgeous word-painting, and his earnest study of his subject, whilst almost at the same moment we feel indignant at the "Sir Oracle" tone in which he asserts his authority on all subjects connected with Art. One thing is certain, if Mr. Ruskin is altogether right, the world before his day was almost entirely wrong. And this we do not believe.

We admit that Mr. Ruskin's works may be read with advantage by those who are familiar with the literature of Art, but the young student he only

"Leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind."

We have occupied all the space which we can give to this subject, without omitting a notice of the work which forms our rubric. The first lecture is on "The deteriorative power of Conventional Art," in which he develops the idea, that it is deteriorative because it is conventional. The second is on "The Unity of Art," in which he distinguishes between art and manufacture; while in the third, "On Modern Manufacture and Design," he upholds the importance of decorative art. The fourth is "On the influence of Imagination in Architecture," in which we fully agree with him that the real architect will develop his peculiar gifts as an artist as fully as the painter or sculptor. The fifth is, "The Work of Iron in Nature, Art and Policy"—and we now take leave of Mr. Ruskin, reiterating our opinion that he is a dangerous guide to the young student of Art.

Walter Thornley; or, a Peep at the Past. By the author of "Allen Prescott" and "Alida." New York: Harper & Brothers. 1859.

This is a charming novel. Its style is chaste, its tone pure and elevated, its characters various and well-drawn. It has no inflated sentiment, no manners or morals of dubious tendency. It teaches nothing but what is gentle and noble, and is in all things most happily fitted to be, what its dedication declares it, a present to the writer's grand-children. They can draw from it none but salutary lessons, dressed in the most attractive forms of fiction, full of healthy influences to head and heart.

The scene of *Walter Thornley* lies chiefly in New York, eighty years ago,

and gives us "a peep at the past" domestic life of the wealthy proprietors and farmers on the banks of the Hudson, when slavery was yet an institution, and the negro of New York in his natural and happiest position; when voyages on the North River were made in sail vessels, and required many days to reach short distances, and when the sail, in fine weather, was a pleasant holiday to the voyagers. The author describes one of these voyages lovingly, and introduces us to Rosenberg, the country-house of "Grand-papa Lawrence," with a tender regard evidently to those old abodes, their furniture and fixings—an affectionate reverence which indicates on the writer's part, a close intimacy with places that are becoming ancient in our country of yesterday.

Nothing in the book is more admirable than the character of Priscilla, the young Quakeress, the beloved of Master Philip, the heir of Rosenberg, but too poor and humble in station to be acceptable to Rosenberg's old lord, who is somewhat stormy and tyrannical in temper. She is so beautiful, so noble in principle, so firm yet so gentle in conduct, that she steals into the reader's heart as well as Master Phil's. We can recommend Walter Thornley to our readers without reserve.

Sea-Side Studies at Ilfracombe, Tenby, the Scilly Isles, and Jersey. By George Henry Lewes. Edinburgh and London: Wm. Blackwood & Sons.

These Studies originally appeared in Blackwood's Magazine; not, indeed, precisely in their present form, but substantially the same. Those who enjoyed the monthly communications of "Our Sea-Side Contributor" to that valuable Magazine will be well pleased to possess this enlarged and more permanent form.

Mr. Lewes, though far better known as a writer on philosophical subjects than as a naturalist, is no amateur seeker after mollusks, whose stock of natural history is wholly derived from the last Encyclopedia. He has carefully and systematically studied the laws of organic life for many years, and the study has become with him, as with every sincere investigator, a passion. He has, in this work, given not merely descriptions of marine animals and sea views; he has also advanced theories as to the laws of life, based on the facts that came under his observation; and one of these theories, that of the identity of growth and generation, has been supported, and in great measure confirmed, by the researches of subsequent investigators.

Necessarily, Mr. Lewes' work will have greater interest for the professed naturalist than for the general reader; yet every intelligent person is interested in all that advances our knowledge of the wonderful universe whereof we are part; and the descriptions are sufficiently unprofessional to attract all readers.

That portion of the work devoted to the island of Jersey is the most fertile in striking observations which demand serious study on the part of the reader.

Attractive as is the study of Nature, Mr. Lewes maintained his interest in the loftier thoughts of man, even in her presence; and he speaks well and wisely of the saving influence of literature:

"It is well thus to refresh the mind with literature. Contact with Nature, and her inexhaustible wealth, is apt to beget an impatience at man's achievements; and there is danger of the mind becoming so immersed in details, so strained to contemplation of the physical glories of the universe, as to forget the higher grandeurs of the soul, the nobler beauties of the moral universe. From this danger we are saved by the thrill of a fine poem, the swelling sympathy with a noble thought, which flood the mind anew with a sense of man's greatness and the greatness of his aspirations. It is not our wish to dwarf man by comparisons with Nature; only when he grows presumptuous may we teach him modesty, by pointing to her grandeur. At other times it is well to keep before us our high calling and our high estate. Literature, in its finest moods, does this."

Occasional Papers on the Theory of Glaciers. By James D. Forbes, D. C. L. F. R. S. etc., etc. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black. 1859.

These highly-interesting papers contain the results of examinations made in person by Professor Forbes, principally with the view of determining the problem of the movement of the glaciers as an important question in physics. Two principal theories presented themselves; that of the *sliding* motion of the glaciers, carried forward by its own weight and the slope of the mountain; and that of the *expansion* of the whole mass, regularly and uniformly in action. The former is the theory of De Saussure; the latter is known as that of De Charpentier. If the theory of De Saussure were correct, the glacier would be found to move by starts, according to the influences of temperature, meteorological phenomena, and variations of surface; if the latter theory were cor-

rect, the progress of the glacier would be far more regular, and comparatively undisturbed by these influences.

Prof. Forbes, by observations of Mer de Glace, at Chamouni, was able to show and measure the motion of the glacier even from hour to hour. During four consecutive days, the rate of progress was as follows: 15.2 inches; 16.3 inches; 17.5 inches; 17.4 inches. And this motion was of the whole glacier, undisturbed by crevasses or breaks in the mass. It was found that the motion continued throughout the day and night, without any considerable irregularity. The higher part of the mass moved more slowly than the lower, in the proportion of three to five; and the central portion moved more rapidly than the sides; quite contrary to what has been supposed. Later observations confirmed these results, with the additional facts, that the variation in velocity of movement from day to day was equally distributed throughout the whole mass; and that while the centre of the glacier moved more rapidly than the sides, the lower portion of the centre moved still more rapidly than the upper.

The theory of the dilation of the mass of the glacier received striking confirmation from an observation communicated to the author by a scientific friend. If, he said, in the course of a severe winter, a hollow iron shell be filled with water, and exposed to freeze, with the aperture uppermost, a portion of the water expands in freezing, so as to protrude a cylinder of ice through the aperture; and if the experiment be continued, the cylinder of ice continues to grow inch by inch, as the central body of water freezes. This certainly shows plasticity in ice, and affords a strong analogy to the movement of glaciers. Professor Forbes repeated the experiment with a strong glass vessel, previously introducing, below the neck of the vessel, a greasy matter of a bright red colour; so that he might be satisfied of the expansion of the ice, as freezing proceeded. And the result completely sustained the testimony of the previous experiment.

European Life, Legend and Landscape.
By an Artist. James Challen & Son.
Philadelphia. 1859.

We detest alliterative titles, but justice constrains us to say, that the title is the only affected part of this lively and agreeable book of travels. In the space of one hundred and fifty pages the author has given us more real valuable information than it would seem possible (unless we duly reflect upon it,) to com-

press in a space so narrow. But it is not as a guide book that the work commends itself to our taste. We esteem it rather as a record of the feelings and observations of a susceptible and delicate mind, aroused to genial activity, and expressing itself in a spontaneous and self-forgetting way.

Altogether this is a work of uncommon merit, which is neither too long nor too dull to be read through at a single sitting.

The Crayon. A Monthly Magazine, devoted to Art. Edited by J. Durand: New York

For various reasons do we admire several of the Journals which at stated periods make their appearance in our sanctum; yet, of those which command our respect and regard, we frankly admit that the Crayon occupies a place second to no other Magazine in the country.

No amateur who is interested in the progress of Art, and who desires to improve his taste and knowledge by studying the opinions of intelligent and well informed critics, can fail to find in the pages of this journal the pabulum which will strengthen and enlarge his understanding, and convince him of how much he has yet to learn.

We have frequently met in its pages opinions which run counter to our own, but never without feeling a salutary doubt as to the correctness of our views—for, with an abiding love of Art, and a somewhat general acquaintance with its literature, we are constrained to admit, that we never refer to the Crayon without having the boundaries of our knowledge enlarged.

We commend then most heartily this truly able exponent of the principles and aims of High Art, and are quite sure that such of our readers as are induced by our remarks to avail themselves of its instruction, will feel indebted to us for directing their attention to so competent a teacher.

Oration delivered before the Washington Light Infantry; by W. E. Mikell, a Member of the Corps.

This Oration is much above the average of anniversary efforts. Neither the occasion nor the subject admitted of any thing new, yet Mr. Mikell merits the praise of having treated a hackneyed theme with a freshness and vivacity of style, which indicate a vigorous intellect, and gives good promise of the future usefulness and distinction of the orator.

Catechism of the United States History.
By B. R. Carroll. Charleston: McCarter & Co. 1859.

We welcomed the first edition of this very clever School Manual, with the full conviction that its merits would soon render a second edition necessary. Our convictions have been realized; and we congratulate the compiler on the increased claims which his new revision will make upon the public approbation. He has corrected sundry small errors, and added much valuable historical material, making the book now the most complete thing of the kind which we have. Indeed, it is quite astonishing how wide is the surface, how serious the information, how complete the details, how copious the collection of statistics, which the compiler has succeeded in embracing in this slender volume; and under this plan of study through question and answer. Mr. Carroll has brought to his task not merely a thorough acquaintance with his materials, but so large an experience in the education of the young, that he knows just what is wanted for this purpose—knows just how far to tax the student, and in what degree to inform him, so as to provoke his own further study and research. Altogether, no better book can be found for the proper grafting upon the young mind the facts of primary importance in our history as a confederacy. We commend it to general use as immeasurably superior to most other manuals.

Requiere's Address. The True Aims of Life. Address delivered by J. A. Requiere, before the Adelpsi and Franklin Societies of Howard College, in the town of Marion, Ala., on the 27th June, 1859. Marion, Ala. 1859.

Mr. Requiere is one of a crowd of talented young men, whom South Carolina has suffered to depart her soil, with scrip and staff, and empty wallet, seeking fields for employment and fortune in the West. It is pleasant to us to think that they have so generally found abroad what had been denied to them at home, and by their talent, zeal, courage and energy, have done honour to the mother country, who was at so little pains to do them honour. Mr. Requiere is a poet of fertile fancy, fine tastes, and a generous

ardour of temperament. He has written recently some very fine poems, marked by an ambitious vein, a soaring fancy, and aspirations after the classical and profound. He is bold and daring in his reach; impulsive, eager, and full of ardent imaginings. We augur well of his future in this field, should he persevere in its cultivation. We knew him first as the author of a crude, but spirited drama, called the "Spanish Exile," which, if we remember rightly, was played on the Charleston boards.

It was full of promise, though distinguished by the natural faults and deficiencies of youth. It had the glow and purple light of youth upon it, and needed only the natural thought and plan of a ten years' probation to become a fine drama. Subsequently, so far as we know, he has not ventured upon the publication of a volume. He has adopted the prudent rôle, and has grown into a successful lawyer at Mobile, where, we believe, he holds the office of Attorney General of the State, or District Attorney of the United States. Like other public officials, he indulges in oratorical asides, and this Oration is one of them. In the performance before us, we note the youthful glow, the ardour, the purple flood, the fancy, which marked his early productions. But these are somewhat sobered by the maturer thought, and he stands up before the young Collegiates as a teacher and a thinker. He delivers them some goodly lessons, well expressed, though in a florid vein, upon the true objects of ambition, the proper aims of life, the duties, the studies, the working purpose, without which we are but as sorry wrestlers, beating the air with brawny arms, and making no permanent impression on our own, or the lives of others. Though ornate in high degree, this Oration is perhaps not a whit too much so for a popular occasion, and for a youthful auditory. It is rather desultory and discursive, but this enables the orator to rise occasionally into lofty flights, and to round his periods glowingly and sonorously. We have no doubt the impression made upon his hearers was a grateful one, as we have no doubt that his general lesson is a good one. We trust that he will continue long to improve himself and others, by efforts equally honourable and graceful, pure and fanciful, with those which have hitherto proceeded from his pen.